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The Week

THE President's renewed peace offensive of Monday continues most bravely, wisely, and effectively the long-range peace negotiations now going on. Again he shrewdly and strategically differentiates between Germany and Austria, praising Czernin highly and severely rapping Hertling for his failure to rise to the opportunity—all this in a way to play into the hands of the Liberal groups in the Reichstag. Most admirably does the President dwell upon the misery caused by the military and autocratic group in Berlin who are condemning millions to death because they will not yield to the logic of events, because they are now of a new world, yet, knowing it not, seek to live on by the old diplomatic chicaneries and the old conceptions of how the participants in a war may proceed to carve up the earth to suit their own tastes. Altogether, the President's speech is another notable and noble step toward peace. More than that, it opens the door wide for another friendly reply from Count Czernin, and if Austria is in half the misery she is reported to be, it will powerfully impel her to labor with her dominating ally to swing into line and to accept the proffered hand of Wilson. It is truly worth far more than a great military victory, this speech of Wilson, and Liberals everywhere will warmly acclaim its restatement of the fundamental bases of peace, while even in England the Imperialists, at whom Mr. Wilson is also plainly aiming, will find it a wry dose.

THE first serious disaster to an American troopship comes early in our transport operations and in a region of the sea in which troopships have been immune from the beginning of the war. All the losses of British transports have been in the Mediterranean. It has been the boast that Canada's near four hundred thousand men have been taken to Europe without the loss of a single life. That makes our own mishap the harder to bear. Regret is mitigated only by the reflection that the casualties might easily have been much heavier than the indicated ratio of one man out of ten, according to the latest estimate of 210 lives lost. Of the men who have been taken by the U-boat and the Atlantic we can only think as having given themselves just as completely for the cause we are engaged in as if they had fallen under the German barrage in Lorraine. It is not doing their memory a service to seize upon their death as something, at last, that will make America realize that the country is at war!

THE loss of the Tuscania clouds what would have been the very best month of the anti-submarine warfare. The last four weekly reports of British ships lost have given 6, 6, 9, and 10 vessels over 1,600 tons. The best fortnight comprised the weeks of November 4 and 11, when the losses were 1 and 8. But if we add this fortnight to the preceding two weeks the total would have been 36 ships, and added to the succeeding two weeks, the total would have been 33 ships—two more than the total of the last four weeks.

THERE is a lesson in the Tuscania for Senators Chamberlain, Hitchcock, and others who cannot forget the ignominy of America having to depend temporarily on "poor, white-bled, and war-weary France" for heavy guns and equipment. The Tuscania was convoyed by British warships at a time when our own destroyers were engaged, among other things, in combating the U-boats in other sections of the Atlantic, with the result that this has been the most favorable submarine month in a year. In other words, our naval forces are an integral part of the Allied naval strength, just as our army is to be an integral part of the Allied armies in France. It is not we for ourselves first and for the Allies next, but Americans where they can do most good. That American destroyers should be patrolling the Channel or the Bay of Biscay while British destroyers keep guard over American convoys shows how far this unity of effort has been attained. It is virtually the same with our land forces. What difference does it make whether French and British heavy guns are to be used by British and French reserves or by American reserves? We may look upon our men in Lorraine as virtually the class of 1918 or 1919 whom France would have had to put into the field if we had not been there.

RENEWED raids by German aeroplanes on Venice, Padua, and other Italian cities which are repositories of great art treasures will not increase the world's scanty stock of goodwill for the Teutonic Allies. There are certain elements in German psychology incomprehensible to the non-German mind. This dogged persistence in wanton destruction, in outraging the æsthetic sensibility of all civilized peoples at the very moment when, as they profess, the Germans are most anxious for peace, is one of the least understandable. Cannot they perceive that the levelling of St. Mark's or the Doges' Palace by bombs dropped from their planes would constitute a very real and new obstacle to peace? It almost seems as if the German High Command believes it can treat the rest of the world as it is accustomed to treating its own people, with alternating doses of cajolery and brutality.

WELCOME is the message from Washington putting an official damper on the current "hate" propaganda. Until recently, on all hands, there seems to have been an organized "drive" in the daily press and in periodicals to rouse American vindictiveness by printing all sorts of atrocity stories about our enemies, some true and some preposterously untrue. It almost appeared as if a great many people were afraid Americans would not fight for a matter of principle, their past history notwithstanding, but would have to be aroused to hysterical rage and blind fury before they could put their whole force into the war. Fortunately, better counsels are prevailing. We know, from testimony of men in the trenches, from such eminent British fighters as Col. Sir Joshua Wedgewood, that the hate campaign stirred up at home by the stay-at-homes is one of the most discouraging features of the war to a man at the front. We fight not against individuals, but against a de-

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structive principle. If we want international peace and good-will on earth after the war is over, we cannot now afford to arouse hatreds which will long outlive the conflict, and therefore postpone the League of Nations.

UNDER no circumstances should the Administration Reorganization bill, handed to Congress by the Postmaster-General, at the request of Mr. Wilson, become law. Fortunately, there is already little likelihood of its passing in its present form. Washington dispatches are agreed that Congress's gorge has risen and that, if any measure passes, it must be a modified one. Should it be forced down the throat of Congress, that body might as well prorogue itself and leave everything to the President. Already he is possessed of dictatorial powers greater than those held by any ruler on earth, and before any more are bestowed upon one who is, after all, a finite man, the exact reason for them and the purposes to which they are to be put should be clearly stated. It is interesting to note that the imperialistic newspapers of the type of which the New York *Times* is the extreme, have taken alarm at this grasping at tremendous power, in which some see merely a political manœuvre to offset the attacks upon Secretary Baker and the management of the war. The President is quoted as believing that this measure is necessary to enable him to do away with red-tape; if this is its purpose the extremes to which it goes —it would enable the President to make over the entire Government at will by appointees who would not even have to be confirmed by the Senate—give it a needlessly sinister aspect. The choice of its bearer, too, Mr. Burleson, one of the two most reactionary minds in the Cabinet, was unfortunate. But it goes without saying that a sound and carefully defined measure to eliminate red-tape for the purpose of speeding up the Government and the prosecution of the war would have the support of both Congress and the country.

THE announcement by the Secretary of the Treasury that the banks of this country will be expected to subscribe, between now and the middle of March, for $500,000,000 short-term Treasury certificates fortnightly, indicates that about $3,000,000,000 of such obligations will soon be outstanding. For a Government's floating debt this figure would be abnormally large, but not unprecedented. England put out no funded war loan between the $2,900,000,000 issue of June, 1915, and the $5,000,000,000 issue of January, 1917. During that interval she financed the war partly through sale of short-term Treasury bonds, but chiefly through "Treasury bills" similar to our certificates of indebtedness; and of these there were outstanding, at the end of 1916, no less than £1,115,815,000, or, roughly, $5,575,000,000. They were either used for subscription to the war loan of a year ago or else redeemed with the proceeds of that loan.

A SMALLER total issue is contemplated by our Government, but, on the other hand, a much shorter time is allowed for placing it. The inference would seem to be that the Secretary expects to put out the next war loan somewhere around May 9, when the proposed issue of short-term notes falls due. He expressly says, in his announcement to the banks, that his reason for the large borrowing on certificates is "to postpone the next Liberty Loan until conditions will insure a wide distribution of the bonds throughout the country." But it is also reasonable to suppose that he wishes to postpone the loan until the end of the fiscal year is near enough to indicate just how large that loan will have to be. Recent daily and monthly statements of public expenditure have indicated that, in default of a very great increase in the present rate of war expenditure, the total of Government disbursements, for the fiscal year ending with June, will be at least $4,000,000,000 less than the Treasury's $18,775,000,000 estimate of last December. If this were to be the actual outcome, it would greatly reduce the amount to be raised by war loans. Furthermore, the longer such a loan operation is postponed, the more accurately the Treasury will be able to foreshadow whether revenue from the taxes will run beyond or behind the estimates.

A PRIORITY order for petroleum deliveries which puts eleventh on the list manufacturers of Government-ordered munitions will clearly be felt by the general manufacturers who come still further down. The story is the old one of adequate production, but inadequate distribution. Nearly half the oil tankers plying between Mexican and American ports have been withdrawn and tank cars have been tied up with other freight. Despite advancing prices, the use of fuel oil throughout the country has grown fast in the last few years. Railways and manufacturers close to the source of supply in the Southwest have found it preferable to coal; New England's textile and paper industry leans more and more heavily upon it; it is burned not only by Pacific merchantmen, but by many on the Atlantic. In 1915 the United States, which produced about 280,000,000 barrels, was consuming about 65,000,000 barrels within its borders, and the American navy was approaching a yearly consumption of 50,000,000. After the needs which Dr. Garfield emphasizes as imperative are met—those of the railways, the Allied navies and ours, hospitals, shipyards, arsenals, public utilities—some one is likely to go oil hungry till shipments can again be carried in undiminished volume.

SEVERAL well-known dishes, exiled by Mr. Hoover, have been restored. But with what a change, with what restrictions, how stripped of all their gustatory finery! Doughnuts shall be made only in part of wheat, and mostly of rye flour; they, if current regulations are to be followed, will be fried, not as heretofore in deep fat, but in shallow. Where will be their golden-brown crispness then, and their staying power, outer coat of resistance to wear and tear of time! And then there is mince pie, to be made of rye flour and to contain no meat, and very little sugar, and still less rum! This is the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. The Puritan fathers buried on Copp's Hill will groan and turn in their graves when the news reaches them.

TO see the packers attacking the constitutionality of that section of the Espionage law under which the I. W. W. headquarters throughout the country were raided is a sight to make respectable citizens sit up and rub their eyes. Prosecutions, like politics, make strange bedfellows. The Espionage act would appear to be a bit like those patent medicines which used to be sold in a large brown bottle, warranted to cure anything from a stubbed toe to softening of the brain. This new legal specific of ours can be used, we

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have already learned, to break strikes, to silence cantankerous editors, and to break up Trusts—only bad ones, of course. It doubtless contains unexploited possibilities, for we cannot believe that we have already sounded all the depths of this particular bit of legislative wisdom—and then, this is war-time, to quote a distinguished educator who was taxed with his failure to observe certain fairly obvious intellectual and moral distinctions. In any case, Mr. Heney and his associates are certainly discourteous, not to say ill-bred, in invoking against wealthy citizens a law that ought to apply only to spies, pro-Germans, pacifists, strikers, and "sich."

IT is perhaps of interest to note that, despite the divers evolutions trade centres on Manhattan Island have experienced in the past two centuries, the shipping business has always remained and is still centred between Rector Street and the Battery. The growth of marine insurance in the past two years has been quite phenomenal. It has its centre just south of the financial district, with its axis at William and Beaver Streets. Recently Delmonico's, an eight-story structure at that point, which has served as a landmark for nearly half a century, was bought by insurance concerns and renamed Merchant Marine House. Radiating from this landmark, it is calculated that within 100 steps can be found fully 90 per cent. of the marine insurance capital of this country. It is because of this fact that the insurance interests have just petitioned the Board of Aldermen to name that locality "Marine Square."

THAT the workman now has greater opportunity than for years to choose the type and conditions of work he wants is tacitly emphasized by the report of the Federal Employment Service. It sees the balance a fair one between labor supply and labor demand: "Every able and willing worker can be well employed during the current year, and the needs of every industry can in a reasonable time be filled." There are local shortages which should encourage the justly discontented to seek a situation with better wages, better hours, or better housing: thus the East wants shipyard workers, the industrial cities of the Great Lakes automobile workers and machinists, and "Omaha has two jobs open to every person seeking work." But there is no such general shortage as to encourage demand for the special importation of labor, unless we are to use Porto Ricans to answer strictly seasonal agricultural needs. The situation is one in which industry will not suffer, but in which organized labor can move effectively to raise standards of employment in those fields where they sagged in the days of a plethora of unskilled labor.

DURING the eleven months and a half ending with the middle of November, 364 strikes, involving more than 54,000 workers, occurred in Japan, according to information just received here. The Tokio *Nichinichi* notes a significant change in the spirit of the strikers and in public opinion regarding them. Formerly they struck for sentimental reasons, and their conduct was considered immoral. Now they strike for higher wages, and public sympathy is sometimes actually with them, so that most of the strikes since June have ended in victory for the workmen. The Friendship Association, Japan's leading labor organization, built up by the genius of Mr. B. Suzuki, who made so happy an impression on leaders and students of the labor movement during his recent visits here, is increasing its influence. Facts such as these suggest how rapidly industrial evolution is proceeding in the Island Empire. Americans unacquainted with the East are often alarmed by reports of Japanese progress in the military and naval arts. Such persons should remember that a parallel and scarcely less rapid evolution is proceeding in industry, commerce, politics, sanitation, municipal administration, education, in every department of socal life, in fact. A far-seeing statesmanship will not fix its eye on a single aspect of Japanese growth, thus creating among our people the psychological conditions of an inevitable conflict with a militant imperialistic state, but will seek to coöperate with those liberal forces that are making so marked an impression in the swiftly moving drama of life in Japan.

A PRACTICAL and far-sighted method of such coöperation is the recent gift by Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, of the Chase National Bank, of $125,000 to found a chair in the Tokio Imperial University for the study of "the Constitution, history, and diplomacy of the United States." Mutual understanding between Japanese and American leaders of thought and action is one of our most important needs, and Mr. Hepburn's gift should mean much for the development of sympathetic relations beyond the Pacific. The nomination of Prof. Inazo Nitobe as first incumbent of the new chair is sufficient guarantee of the broad international outlook that will characterize the work of the new department in Tokio.

BY his recent unanimous election to the French Academy, Marshal Joffre becomes the first republican Marshal to occupy a seat in that body. The proposal of his name evoked a chorus of approval among the Academicians, half a dozen of whom, contrary to usage, stated their opinion of his candidacy publicly. Denys Cochin, declaring that the Academy would only remain faithful to its traditions in admitting the great General who had led the French armies to victory, was supported by Alfred Capus, Edmond Rostand, Henri de Regnier, and others. Frédéric Masson happily remembered a letter which Renan had once written to Ferdinand de Lesseps, saying that there should be a place and an enthusiastic reception for the man who might one day command French armies in a triumphant conflict. Anatole France, recently indicating a certain ill-feeling towards the body by absenting himself from it, returned to participate in Joffre's election and greeting.

THE meteoric success of Galli-Curci would delight our mothers and fathers who applauded, till the welkin of the Academy of Music rang, the warblings and fluty pipings of Patti. We were brought up to scorn the florid baroque and rococo of Donizetti, Bellini, and Rossini. Poor, shadow-chasing Dinorah we thought a ridiculous figure in comparison with far-striding Brünnhilde. Lucrezia Borgia, scattering poison around carelessly, with vocal leaps and gambols, appeared to us artificial compared to Mélisande. But to-day we face pandemonium in favor of a style of revived colorature singing. All that is needed to fill the cup of bitterness is that some new composer, using the latter-day technique of Wagner and Debussy, should write a successful opera to establish colorature once more as a serious form of music.

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The Only Advancing General

THE field-marshals of both the Allies and the Central Powers are marking time, awaiting the passing of the winter. Not one of them to-day leads troops onward. But there is one powerful general whose advance is so steady and rapid as to make it clear that he will soon menace the further conduct of the war itself. He may even be the one to dictate a peace upon his own terms long before the Allied field-marshals are ready to ground arms. We refer, of course, to General Famine. From every country comes news of his progress. While it cannot be alleged that he is being seduced by German gold, it is true that the Germans are working for him with all their might on the ocean. But at the very moment that they are doing so he is their greatest, their most dangerous, and most stubborn foe ashore. To tell the truth, he is the real ally of no one, and yet it is to him that the Allies are chiefly looking for aid at the very moment that they note with distress his progress not only in their rear but in all the neutral countries.

Curiously enough, the numerous commentators on the war give no daily or weekly columns to a review of his movements and his steady gains. They have yet to see that if the present deadlock continues another year, yes, perhaps only six months, the movements of General Famine will have the most prominent place in our newspapers. Indeed, even now if the news of a single week concerning his advance were to be brought together, it would be startling enough. As an example, let us take the past week, which has been marked in the United States by a restriction of the bread portion to two ounces per meal and the order of the Food Administrator that in all hotels and restaurants and dining cars there shall now be one wheatless meal every day, as well as one wheatless day. But nothing less than highly sensational is Mr. Hoover's testimony on Monday of this week before the House Committee on Agriculture. Contrary to previous Government statements, he declares that much of the corn crop is rotting in the fields because of lack of cars; that the crop itself, widely heralded as a bumper one, is composed of only 2,000,000,000 bushels instead of 3,500,000,000; that there are only 100,000,000 pounds of beef where there should be 450,000,000, and that there is a shortage of from 600,000,000 to 1,000,000,000 pounds of pork products and vegetable oils—about 50 per cent. of what is required. When these figures are digested, there will be a growing feeling of alarm throughout the country. No wonder Mr. McAdoo is rushing special provision trains to the Atlantic seaboard.

Grave as this statement is, its seriousness is intensified by reports from abroad that there must be another enormous saving in the consumption of wheat here if the United States is to master its task of giving the Allies food enough to keep their armies fighting and to prevent anti-war outbreaks among the civilian populations. It is this danger which the American Winston Churchill had in mind when he wrote in the New York *Times* recently that the war now narrowed down to a race with revolution in every one of the battling countries. It is this danger of revolt which was in the minds of the German editors who were reported to have called upon Hindenburg last week to warn him that there would be no food in Germany by the first of May. To them Hindenburg is reported to have said that he needed only until the first of April, when he would be in Paris—surely as idle a boast as was ever uttered, and one that will do fatal injury to that redoubtable soldier when the first of April has passed. If he is too stupid and short-sighted to read the proper meaning into the strikes of the last ten days in his country, the editors who waited upon him can surely not have misunderstood the warning of the daily reports of starvation and suffering that come out of Germany and Austria.

"Hunger knows no law"—thus a London *Times*, received last week, heads an interview with Eladio Egocheaga, foremost Socialist labor-leader in Spain to-day. Egocheaga declares that "thousands of honest wage-earners are on the verge of starvation and any day there may be disturbances. . . . A whole nation," he says, "cannot consent to die of starvation," even if Germany would be pleased by their resorting to civil war. Señor Bahamonde, Minister of the Interior, affirms that "it is difficult to govern a starving people." From Santander, Malaga, Valencia, and Barcelona this same issue of the *Times* reports dangerous rioting by women determined to get food for their starving babies. The promise of coal from England has helped somewhat to allay public excitement in Spain, as it did for a time in Italy. But in England herself the situation daily grows more serious. The wage-earners who are making good wages are restless over their wives having to stand in long queues only to have to return empty-handed in many cases. Lord Rhondda, the British Food Controller, last week announced a cut in the rations of all troops on duty in the United Kingdom to a point considerably below the quantities furnished to the troops at the front. On Friday last he issued a new ration order which reduced the allowance for each adult to one pound of meat a week. This is within one-quarter of a pound a week of the German ration of to-day. On top of this comes the news of a general strike in Argentina which will prevent for some time the movement of grain out of that country, precisely as the dearth of shipping has prevented Great Britain's moving the Australian wheat crop in accordance with her contract of last July. Says a Washington dispatch:

> If the stocks of Argentina are reduced greatly by destruction, or if the strikers prevent its shipment to ports, Europe will be facing a more desperate situation than even the most pessimistic ever predicted. Should the Argentine shipments be prevented, it would be necessary for the United States and Canada to go on a strictly war-rationing basis in order to feed Europe.

From Holland came the most alarming foreign news in this dreary week's chronicle, brought by passengers arriving on Thursday from that country on the long-delayed Nieuw Amsterdam. So reliable a witness as Prof. Hendrik Willem Van Loon was one of the many quoted as declaring that Holland would have to enter the war on Germany's side within two months merely as a matter of self-preservation unless Washington aided. As for the situation in the northeastern part of Europe, that is even more ominous. Germany is helping to feed Sweden, which country is also likely to be compelled to enter the war on the Kaiser's side or face starvation. Finland, starving now, with her people eating bark-bread, must needs be harrowed by revolution and attempts to reconquer her for Russia. In Denmark the people are steadily killing off their magnificent dairy herds, and when these are gone the case will be desperate indeed, for the nation cannot survive without milch cattle. Yet neither Mr. Wilson nor Mr. Hoover shows any signs of re-

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lenting so far as the Scandinavian neutrals are concerned. As for Russia, any real picture of conditions is almost impossible to obtain, but every now and then dispatches come through which report the spread of hunger, the breakdown of transportation, the growing disorganization of the governmental machinery, and the inability of the officials to get news of what is going on in the remote parts of that vast empire. "Confusion worse confounded," an American who has lived twenty years in Petrograd reported it to the *Evening Post* on his return last week. What can there be ahead of Russia but famine if this thing goes on, even though the army is rapidly being released and the German prisoners are free to wander and to work where they will?

Plainly the world faces a crisis which not even the immediate declaration of peace could quickly mitigate. Everything now hinges upon two things: the early mastering of the submarine by the turning out of more ships than can be sunk, and the coming winter-wheat crop in America. Fortunately the severe winter does not appear to have jeopardized the latter and the prospects are of the best. Should it fail there would have to be an immediate acceleration of the long-distance peace negotiations now going on, in rapid deference to General Famine.

General Pershing's Military Problem

GENERAL PERSHING'S frank comment upon the inefficiency of many of the officers sent to him is in refreshing contrast to the super-confident dispatches daily appearing as to trench skirmishing now going on. It confirms the highly favorable impression made by General Pershing ever since he came into prominence. He brought back from Mexico what experts considered the best-drilled and disciplined American army ever known. On being notified that he was selected to take an army to France, he informed Washington that the army was not ready, but that if diplomatic and political considerations must prevail, he would go and do his best. In France his deportment has been model; where others at first boasted and swaggered, he has kept not only his head, but his modesty, and he has set himself as rigidly to the creating of a model army as he did in Mexico. Determined to enforce discipline, he has hanged publicly one soldier guilty of rape and has "broken" quite a number of officers convicted of drunkenness or disorder; the resignations of three regular majors, which have just leaked out, are attributed to him, and so is the recall from France of two major-generals.

Now, coming squarely on top of his warning to officers and men that drunkenness will be severely dealt with, we have the publication of his insistence that generals, colonels, and the higher regimental officers will be held directly responsible for the efficiency of their commands. According to the abstract published by the War Department, General Pershing complains of "an almost total failure to give instructions in principles of minor tactics and their practical application to war conditions. Officers, from colonels down, and including some general officers, are found ignorant of the handling of units in open warfare, including principles of reconnaissance, outposts, advance guard, solution of practical problems, and formation of attack. No training whatever has been given in musketry efficiency as distinguished from individual target practice on the range." If there be some to object that such information gives aid and comfort to the enemy, it may be assumed that Secretary Baker and General Pershing knew what they were about. The Germans, too, know what we are about; they know what our army's weaknesses are; indeed, General von Stein, the War Minister, stated last week that "sewing epaulettes on Americans' uniforms did not make officers of them." But the Germans also know, as the result of their experience with Kitchener's army, that the Anglo-Saxons who wear these epaulettes for a brief period, when well commanded, are quite adequate to the task of stopping the flower of Prussia's Imperial Guard.

What General Pershing has done is to put his finger on the chief weakness of the American army—the failure to hold officers accountable for results. Upon this weakness the *Nation* has dwelt repeatedly during the last twenty years. In no other worth-while army are officers held accountable only if they transgress moral laws. The entire efficiency of the German army has been built up by the rigid process of dismissing any officer who falls below the highest professional standards. In our army, men have been cashiered practically only for drunkenness, or theft, or open profligacy. Our examinations for promotion have been of negligible value and have never really tested an officer's personal efficiency and soldierliness in addition to his book knowledge. It is this very laxity, in connection with promotion by seniority and the absence of rewards for special professional attainments, which is responsible for bringing about that inefficiency of which General Pershing complains. The publication of his warning must prove of great benefit in toning up the service wherever men are training for France.

It is a stupendous task which General Pershing has before him, and it is not the part of a patriotic War Department to minimize it. Secretary Baker knows, and General Pershing knows, that when the Secretary speaks of an army of 1,500,000 going to France this year, he does not mean an army in the technical military sense. He means that 1,500,000 men carrying guns, who are ready to be trained to be soldiers, will arrive in England and France. Any other reading of this statement will give rise to false hopes and to resentment if as a result of misconception undue risks be taken, or men be sent into battle before they are properly prepared. General Pershing's problem is to train these vast bodies of men while directing the fighting of those who are fitted to go into the front line. That our men can be trained well and comparatively quickly the Canadians and Australians, as well as the British, have amply demonstrated. Nor must any one forget the glorious record made by the little-trained London militia, who were hastily thrown into the fighting in France in August, 1914. They stood up magnificently to the finished products of the German military machine, just as our own raw engineers acquitted themselves so well at Cambrai. But General Pershing knows that the best way to attain military efficiency and to secure proper leadership for our troops is to deal rigidly and ruthlessly with all who offend or who demonstrate their military unfitness, whether they be major-generals or majors or just plain lieutenants or privates; and American public opinion should not only uphold him in that course, but demand it of him. Fortunately there is every indication that Secretary Baker realizes this quite clearly. It is reported that he is rigidly standing behind General Pershing in his every action.

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War Verse

"THE amount of war verse written by civilians since August, 1914," remarked a writer in an English journal recently, "is simply appalling. It is said that the German output alone runs to more than a million pieces! In Great Britain and America the aggregate production has been very large indeed; a friend of mine has a *selection* of six thousand pieces, all of which have actually been printed. France, more deeply engrossed in the war than any other of the Entente Powers, has been much less prolific than her English-speaking allies." This writer goes on to draw the conclusion that very little of the verse written by non-combatants will survive, even established poets like Kipling having failed to measure up to the occasion, but that much of the work of the soldier poets will live on, at least in the anthologies. It may be doubted whether any such distinction can be made between the verse of the men at the front and at home, but there is no denying that a far larger amount of good and even excellent poetry has been written in or near the trenches than any one would have ventured to predict. This is no doubt due in some part to the vastness of the conflict, which has swept into itself masses of youth who in older times would not have been engaged. Some of these were poets already; others were kindled by the crusade which they had entered. All found an audience, large and eager to hear.

Anthologies of war verse are beginning to be issued, and in them the poetry of soldiers occupies many of the best pages. In these it would be hard to find any better than Alan Seeger's famous lines:

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

. . . . . .

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are near. . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Nor did he. These lines are broadly typical of much of the soldiers' verse in their determined facing of fate, without bitterness at the foeman, yet without any pretence of forgetting the sweets that have been given up, perhaps for a while, perhaps forever.

The idea of the war as a great game appears occasionally, as in James Norman Hall's "The Cricketers of Flanders":

Full sixty yards I've seen them throw
With all that nicety of aim
They learned on British cricket-fields.
Ah, bombing is a Briton's game!

. . . . . .

Let splendid bronze commemorate
These men, the living and the dead.
No figure of heroic size,
Towering skyward like a god;
But just a lad who might have stepped
From any British bombing squad.
His shrapnel helmet set atilt,
His bombing waistcoat sagging low,
His rifle slung across his back;
Poised in the very act to throw.
And let some graven legend tell
Of those weird battles in the West
Wherein he put old skill to use
And played old games with sterner zest.

Never do certain of the incongruities of war cease to impress even the warrior. Thus in "Headquarters" Gilbert Frankau has written:

A league and a league from the trenches, from the traversed maze of the lines,
Where daylong the sniper watches and daylong the bullet whines,
And the cratered earth is in travail with mines and with countermines—
Here, where haply some woman dreamed (are those her roses that bloom
In the garden beyond the windows of my littered working room?)
We have decked the map for our masters as a bride is decked for the groom.
Fair, on each lettered numbered square—crossroad and mound and wire,
Loophole, redoubt, and emplacement—lie the targets their mouths desire;
Gay with purples and browns and blues, have we traced them their arcs of fire.

. . . . . .

For the weeks of our waiting draw to a close. . . . There is scarcely a leaf astir
In the garden beyond my windows, where the twilight shadows blur
The blaze of some woman's roses. . . . "Bombardment orders, sir."

A gentle word for the enemy is spoken now and then, as by Joseph Lee in a sonnet, "German Prisoners":

When first I saw you in the curious street
Like some platoon of soldier ghosts in gray,
My mad impulse was all to smite and slay,
To spit upon you—tread you 'neath my feet.
But when I saw how each sad soul did greet
My gaze with no sign of defiant frown,

. . . . . .

I knew that we had suffered each as other,
And could have grasped your hand and cried, "My brother!"

Thomas R. Ybarra even has a laudatory poem, "The Men of the 'Emden.'"

Lyrics far outnumber all else, although there is not a little reflective verse, as in John Drinkwater's dignified lines:

We willed it not. We have not lived in hate,
Loving too well the shires of England thrown
From sea to sea to covet your estate,
Or wish one flight of fortune from your throne.

. . . . . .

Beethoven speaks with Milton on this day,
And Shakespeare's word with Goethe's beats the sky,
In witness of the birthright you betray,
In witness of the vision you deny.

Why is there not more of stirring narrative, like "The Hell-Gate of Soissons," by Herbert Kaufman, even if it is on a frankly popular plane?

My leg, *malheureusement*, I left it behind on the banks of the Aisne.
Regret? I would pay with the other to witness their valor again.
A trifle, indeed, I assure you, to give for the honor to tell
How that handful of British, undaunted, went into the Gateway of Hell.

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Towards Academic Freedom

THE composition of the latest differences between trustees and faculty at Columbia University suggests certain serious reflections on academic freedom—a subject of grave importance outside as well as inside university circles. The circumstances of this particular case will be readily recalled by our readers. Last fall two members of the faculty were attacked for their connection with radical peace propaganda. A committee of the faculty, recognizing that their colleagues' fate was already sealed, bowed before the wind and recommended that they be decently retired without publicity. Instead, the trustees, possibly ill-informed concerning faculty ideas, and led by an illiberal group among their own number, publicly expelled the two professors in question, giving out in so doing a press statement practically branding them as disloyal and conveying the impression that the faculty almost unanimously concurred in such action and such ideas. The latter body, seeing their representatives thus overruled, made no public protest. Instead, they respectfully petitioned the trustees to sanction the appointment of a new faculty committee, a so-called committee of reference, with whom the trustees should in future consult before removing any professor. This petition, in somewhat modified form, has now been granted, and henceforth no Columbia professor can under the statutes be removed until his colleagues have been consulted. The wise men among the faculty are accordingly congratulating themselves that in consequence of their prudence under trying and perplexing circumstances, Columbia has now taken another long step forward towards guaranteed liberty. We congratulate the University on a real improvement in its machinery; yet we venture to believe that the cause of academic freedom has suffered a serious setback at the very time when courageous faculty action would have been of priceless value to the progress of democratic liberty in America.

Consider first the actual outcome. The Columbia trustees do not bind themselves to accept the recommendation of the faculty committee. On the contrary, they specifically declare: "Ultimate decision as to whether the influence of a given teacher is injurious to private morals or dangerous to public order and security, is one which the trustees may neither shirk nor share nor delegate." These gentlemen know what is right and good, and they will see it done in the University, though the heavens fall; they themselves are to be the judges. Having just overruled the faculty in the last case that arose, they announce that they will if necessary do so in the next one. Of course, as gentlemen and sensible men, they will consult the faculty, but of their actual power they will yield not one jot or tittle. If this be a guarantee of freedom, what would be a proclamation of servitude?

Yet more disturbing, the trustees roundly defend their own course during the past twenty-five years, and by inclusion during the last two. They declare that in view of their record "there can be no ground for apprehension on the part of any one that the charter powers of the trustees will be arbitrarily exercised." Place beside this their resolution of March 5, 1917, directing a special committee of their number "to inquire and ascertain whether doctrines which are subversive of . . . the Constitution or laws of the United States . . . or which tend to encourage a spirit of disloyalty to the Government of the United States, or the principles upon which it is founded, are taught or disseminated by officers of the University." Place beside it the expulsions of last fall, taken under that resolution, and distinctly out of accordance with faculty recommendation—and does it not appear that the dominant faction of the trustees are still in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity as to the primary issue, namely, who is to judge the moral and intellectual qualifications of individuals for faculty membership? They still cling naïvely, and apparently in perfect good faith, to the assumption that they, and they alone, after consultation with other interested persons, are the sole competent judges. In effect they say, "We will yield no power, and we will wield our power in our old spirit, because that spirit was good." Such is the latest victory for the on-marching professorial hosts of academic freedom.

And this brings us to the larger general question. The real difficulty in this case, as in so many other similar ones, is that the professorial hosts did not march. Instead, they encamped and talked and dickered. A dozen outstanding men in the Columbia faculty a year ago, taking their official life in their hands, and demanding the public rescinding of the hysterical "loyalty" resolution, for example, might easily have strengthened the hands of the liberal group among the trustees to such a degree as to prevent the writing of the lamentable history of the following months. On the other hand, they might have failed, though such an outcome is difficult to conceive. But even if they had been driven from the University, they would have marched out with colors flying and drums beating, instead of sitting, as they are doing to-day, sorrowful and weary, within the fortress, over which flies a flag that they cannot with full assurance call their own. Their defeat would have been a victory for academic freedom worth ten thousand changes of machinery such as that just effected in all good will on Morningside Heights. For in matters of the spirit such as this, to have fought well is better than to have gained a victory. The freedom of the human spirit is not to be guaranteed by paper covenants; it is not to be assured by mere calculating wisdom; it is to be won only by meeting great crises greatly and boldly. And because this one was not met in that way we can only write the event down as a defeat.

We thus reach the most important point of all. Do not the trustees and the faculty of this great institution recognize that, whatever arrangements they may effect between themselves, they have allowed to go abroad an impression that robs professors of no small part of their public usefulness? Every time the trustees of a university, in discharging what they conceive to be their duty, restrict in any measure liberty of thought and speech among its faculty, they do democracy a disservice whose seriousness we do not yet begin to appreciate. Every time a faculty, through caution or supineness, refuses to stand up boldly when need arises, and so lets the common people get the impression that it is subject to trustee censorship, it cuts the very taproot of its serviceableness in a democratic state. In such a state the University must not merely teach its students, it must not merely search out the truth; it must inform and guide public opinion with expert knowledge if disaster due to unenlightened radicalism is to be avoided. University trustees and faculties alike must cherish as one of their most precious possessions the trust and confidence of the common man in the fairness, the honesty, and the fearlessness of the men whose learning he respects. This is the major issue.

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A Neglected Apostle of Liberty

By RICHARD ROBERTS

IN the year that Kosciuszko died, while Mazzini and Kossuth were yet boys at school, and Thomas Zan and Adam Mickiewicz were founding the society of Philomathians among the students of Wilna, a new luminary shot over the sky-line of Europe. Many exultant things were said of it—that Bossuet was risen from the dead, and the like. But no man then living could have foretold the strange course which this new star was destined to follow.

That was in 1817. The name of the new arrival was Félicité de la Mennais, a young priest, newly ordained, sprung from a good and substantial Breton family of St. Malo. The occasion of his sudden fame was the publication of an "Essay on Indifference in Matters of Religion" which gave France (to use an idiom not inappropriate here) "furiously to think" and not less furiously to talk. With this began the stormy public career of Lamennais.

Behind the Essay there lay a good deal of history. The summary dealings of the Revolution with the Church and with Christianity had borne the characteristic fruit of such adventures. Especially among the pious Breton folk, the Church was the unqueened Bride of Christ, trodden under foot, despised and rejected of men; and it was so she came to be to the eyes of young Felicité. Idealized by an uncritical devotion, her sorrows made her the immaculate Lily of the King, the Lady Ecclesia who commanded the chivalry of godly youth. The concordat of 1801 had been an acknowledgment of the failure of repression; but because it gave the nomination of bishops to the State, it still kept the Church in a state of contemptible subjection. At this intolerable bondage Lamennais had a fling in 1812 in an "Essay on the Institution of Bishops" which brought him so unpleasantly under the notice of the civil authorities that he considered it prudent to fly the country awhile. During five years of unhappy exile in England, he brooded over the sad estate of the Church and evolved that doctrine which on his return in 1817 he hurled at the head of an astonished nation in the "Essay on Indifference."

By this time Napoleon was in St. Helena; and there had been already enough time to see that it was not in the mind of that most Catholic monarch, Louis XVIII, to liberate the Church. The concordat of 1801 suited his absolutist temper too well for him to dream of interfering with it; but to the mind of Lamennais this position cut the nerve of life in both Church and State; and necessity was laid on him to say so. He believed devoutly in the monarchy and in the Papacy; but he believed that a compromise which subjected the spiritual interests of mankind to the secular power was deadly to both. The health of a nation depended not only upon the loyalty of its members to the monarch, but also—and indeed more—upon their liberty to live out their lives as members of a spiritual kingdom. His doctrine was that of a spiritual ultramontanism; but he was no more successful than others in his exploration of what Lord Acton has called "that undiscovered country where Church and State are parted." He was, however, clear (and right) in his view that, for both Church and State, it was disastrous that the clergy should be virtually a branch of the civil service. The State lost the spiritual and moralizing influence of a free Church on the people; the Church was despiritualized and secularized; and both were sinking together through the slough of materialism to the abyss of death. Here, said Lamennais, is the prime cause of religious indifference; and with his armory—always too replete—of scorn and satire he describes the outcome in these words:

> Among the pagans there was not a temple which had not its sacred revenues, not a divinity whom its adorers had not made independent by endowing his altars; but the God of the Christians, hardly admitted to a temporary salary, figures every year in an insulting budget as a pensioner of the State. Statecraft may smile complacently at the sublime outcome of its maxims; it may congratulate itself on the peace it has succeeded in establishing between hostile religions: this does not excite our wonder, but our tears. Peace, profound peace, reigned also over those dismal plains where Germanicus found in mournful proximity the bones of the Germans and of the soldiers of Varus.

It is a curious paradox that Lamennais should have been waging war for religious liberty in the interest of the Catholic Church, which has not historically proved itself a noteworthy protagonist of liberty save for itself. But to Lamennais the actual Church was also the ideal Christian society—an identification which was to be roughly shaken a little later. And in point of fact, the germs of revolt were already present in Lamennais's mind. The second and third parts of the Essay concern themselves with a theoretic vindication of the Christian tradition. The new apologetic sets out from the doctrine of common consent. God has spoken to men at divers times and in divers manners and has never left Himself without witness; religious truth is therefore authenticated by the measure of universal consent that it receives. Clearly the main stream of truth is that which commands the greatest consensus; *ergo*, the supreme depository of truth is the Catholic Church. Naturally this ingenious and passionate advocacy was welcomed with great rejoicing by the faithful; and the work had an enormous circulation. It is said that when Lamennais soon after the appearance of the book visited the Pope, the two pictures which he saw in the Pope's private room were the Virgin's and his own! But it is not at all likely that the more astute minds at the Vatican were persuaded that a prophet had arisen. The Roman Pontificate has never rested its claims on the consent of the people. It stands upon the doctrine of apostolic succession. What it requires of the faithful is not consent but submission; it is incorrigibly monarchical. Lamennais was all very well to raise a passing wind to fill the somewhat drooping sails of St. Peter's boat; but as a permanent element in the doctrinal stock-in-trade of the Church his apologetic basis would never do. Lamennais did not see this at the time. His faith in monarchy, it is probable, he had definitely abandoned in 1825; certainly for the existing monarchy he had not a good word. The situation in France filled him with a deep gloom. The unholy concordat was working out its deadly logic only too surely; and life was on all sides becoming more and more corrupt. From that time on, with a prophetic vehemence, born partly of hope, partly of despair, he began to foretell coming revolution. In 1826 he wrote:

> I have for some time been persuaded that a general revolution is inevitable and that all the efforts of right-thinking men should be directed to the future. It is necessary to lay in ad-

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vance the foundations of a new society; the old is rotten, is dead; and it cannot be raised again. It is mere folly to put one's trust in governments which are no longer governments and which can no more become so. *Our work lies in the creation of peoples:* that will always be possible till the time appointed by God for the end of things.

Lamennais proved a true prophet. In 1830 revolution came, Paris rose, the Tuileries palace was sacked. Charles X, successor of Louis XVIII, fled, and Louis Philippe became constitutional monarch. For Lamennais the revolution created a new situation. A change of government, he saw, was no more than a change of clothes. A good deal of dead timber had no doubt been cleared away by the Revolution, and the area of liberty was somewhat increased. But the positive task of the Revolution had yet to be begun. Lamennais was convinced that political liberty could not save a people apart from a profound religious impulse; and he took advantage of the new situation to inaugurate an enterprise which was to provide one of the most brilliant, if brief, episodes in the history of liberty. With Montalembert, Lacordaire, and a few liberal Catholics he started the newspaper *L'Avenir,* and along with it an association of liberals for the promotion of his policy. The motto of *L'Avenir* was "God and Liberty." The principles it stood for were, as Professor Dowden has said, "the rendering into politics of the spirit of Catholic liberalism"—absolute submission to the Pope in things spiritual, the complete separation of Church and State, together with the renunciation by the clergy of the budget of worship, and in addition to this, liberty of conscience, liberty of the press, freedom in education, the right of association, the right of popular election.

How Lamennais could assimilate his full-blooded political radicalism to his doctrine of spiritual submission it is difficult to understand; and the incongruous mating did not last much longer. The temper of the newspaper and of the movement (both of which had immediate and wide success) may be gathered from the following extract from an editorial:

> As for us, simple priests and simple laymen, let us fight unceasingly for our freedom; let us not suffer that any man dare to exclude us from the common right. We will show them that we are Frenchmen, by a determined defence of what no man may take from us without violating the law of the land. Let us say to the sovereign: "We shall obey you so long as you obey that law which makes you what you are, and without which you are nothing."

This kind of thing, of course, no self-respecting State could stand; and it began to put the screws on the bishops. The bishops condemned the paper and proscribed it in their dioceses. The extent and intensity of ecclesiastical censure, and the consequent difficulty of sustaining the venture, grew so alarmingly that after a brief year of splendid life the editors determined to suspend publication and to go in person to lay their case before the Holy See. The "pilgrims of liberty" set out for Rome at the end of 1831.

Lamennais, who was without guile, had no misgiving as to the issue of the appeal; but he was destined to bitter disappointment. The pilgrims were allowed to interview the Pope only on condition that they did not refer to the purpose of their journey. After long and vain waiting for some authoritative pronouncement, they turned wearily away from Rome. On the journey homeward, their disappointment was turned to dismay; word overtook them that they had been formally condemned and ordered to retract. What else, indeed, was to have been expected from a Pope who had smiled a blessing on a Russian Czar in the act of extinguishing Catholic Poland? Lamennais, however, true to his principles, submitted; but the terms of his submission did not satisfy the Pope; and it is worth observing for our understanding of the man that Lamennais, who had set out as the champion of religious liberty against an absolutist State, now refused to sign a document which conceded the right of the Pope to a jurisdiction in the affairs of the secular State. He was for liberty all the time.

It was not in Lamennais to submit for long. His blazing soul could not be subdued to silence; and presently he broke out in what must rank, if not as his best writing, at least as his chief contribution to the literature of liberty. This was the little book called "Paroles d'un croyant."* It is said that the form of the book was influenced by Adam Mickiewicz's psalm "To the Polish People," but whether that be so or not, the two works, the Polish and the French, belong to the class of great prophetic literature. Lamennais's book is a song, not indeed in formal verse, but in periods which suggest nothing so much as the long roll of the ocean waves on the rocky shores of his native St. Malo. The chapter which contains the hymn of the young soldier has some relevancy for these days, and it is typical of the genius of the book:

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight for God and the altars of the fatherland:
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight for justice, for the holy cause of the peoples, for the sacred rights of the human race.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to deliver my brothers from oppression, to shatter chains, theirs and the world's.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight against unjust men for those whom they cast down and trample under foot, against the masters for the slaves, against tyrants for liberty.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight that no man may be the prey of another, to lift up the heads that are bowed down and the knees that are bent.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight that fathers shall not curse the day on which they are told: A son is born to you; nor mothers that on which they press the child for the first time to their breasts.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight that the brother shall not sorrow beholding his sister droop as the herb that the earth refuses to feed; that the sister may no more look through her tears on her brother who goes forth and shall not come back.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight that every man shall eat the fruit of his labour in peace, to dry the tears of little children, who ask for bread and have for answer: There is no more bread; they have taken from us all that was left.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight for the poor man that he may nevermore be robbed of his share of the common inheritance.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

*The centenary of Lamennais's début has been happily commemorated in England by the publication in cheap form of an English translation of the "Paroles."

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Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight to chase away famine from the cottage, to restore to the family abundance, security, and joy.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight to restore to those whom the oppressor has cast into the dungeon, the air their breasts are lacking and the light for which their eyes are looking.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight to overthrow the barriers that divide the peoples and prevent their embracing one another as children of the same Father, appointed to live united in the same love.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight to deliver thought, word, and conscience from the tyranny of man.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight for the eternal laws which have come down from above, for the justice which protects rights, for the charity which softens unavoidable ill.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight that all men may have a God in Heaven and a fatherland upon the earth.
Blessing, a sevenfold blessing, be upon thy arms, young soldier!

The book became immediately famous; its burning words went echoing through Europe. Europe was indeed ready for it. Those were the days when, after the tragic failure of the rising of 1831, the Polish exiles were thronging to Paris, London, and Rome. In England the ferment which led to the Reform bill of 1832 and developed afterwards into the Chartist movement was well afoot. The flaming rhetoric of the French abbé suited those troubled times. One of his friends called the little book "the Red Cap placed upon the Cross"—a very happy characterization. It was the consecration of the revolutionary spirit to God. Rome naturally did not regard it in that light. On the contrary, the book was rank contumacy and the writer of the bull of condemnation seems to have ransacked the Latin vocabulary from end to end for resounding adjectives of censure. The bull was a veritable glossary of expletives. The effect of the Papal action upon Lamennais was decisive. He found himself cast at last where he had always belonged—on the heart of the common people.

He lived for twenty-two years after this; but henceforth he never changed. He made common cause with the revolutionary movement and in its service he died. The years that followed were spent in hard work and penury, in journalism and in writing his four-volume "Outline of Philosophy." But Lamennais was too unchangeably the prophet ever to become a satisfactory philosopher. During the Revolution of 1848 he was a great force, on the one hand in kindling enthusiasm and on the other as a moderating influence upon the revolutionaries. That the revolution ended in the dictatorship and subsequently in the empire of Louis Napoleon must have been a bitter blow to the old man; but he died—six years later—still a fighter, still full of faith and hope and charity.

Lamennais's life falls into three parts: the first, his period of faith in the monarchy and the Church; the second, when he had lost hope in the State and still clung to his hope in the Church; the third, when he abandoned the Church also and looked to the common people to redeem themselves. But it was there his heart and mind had always belonged; if he trusted King and Pope, statesmen and priests, it was because he believed that they were the divinely commissioned organs of social redemption. But he found all these but so many broken reeds. They were eaten up by a concern for the maintenance of their own privileges, and neglected their commission; and so, he held, for serious men there could be but one task—the direct task of creating peoples, not of building an organization.

But the creating of peoples was essentially a religious task. To him and his great contemporary, Mazzini, this was axiomatic. Mazzini's motto was "God and Humanity"; Lamennais's was like unto it, "God and Liberty." Lamennais believed in liberty with a deep, unchanging passion; but he knew that liberty could not stand alone. Liberty must be mated with order—not an order imposed from without; for that is the denial of liberty. The correctives of liberty must spring from within; the real roots of social order are in the soul. Liberty must needs be socialized, if it is to remain liberty, just as society must be liberated if it is to remain society. But liberty in order to be truly socialized must be spiritualized, laid upon the altar of God. The Red Cap must be hung on the Cross; liberty must be steeped in sacrifice. Without that you will have chaos; with it you may at last attain to a commonwealth.

All of which is uncommonly sound and useful doctrine for to-day.

Two Poems

By CHARLES R. MURPHY

Consolation

THERE is warmth here and still sunlight,
Brown earth and golden sky above;
This is the trance of autumn—
Peace?
Ripe life relapsing? Murdered life cut down?
Sleep? Who sleeps?
Is some secret, dead beloved lying here?
Endurance? What endures?
Silence endures,
And memory of warm sunlight,
Brown earth and golden sky above;
Till the silence blooms to night.

Intuition

SNOW and the birches standing lonely . . .
Faint gold and whiteness and the brown of grasses
Delicate above . . . here is only
Winter dawn wherein no live thing passes—
Is this the light to pierce untombéd eyes?
Patience . . . patience . . . perhaps we shall surprise,
Before the stillness of this dream is gone,
Shy deer that wander shyly toward the dawn.

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Holland Among the Lions

By A. J. BARNOUW

THE Dutch are a difficult people to rule. Conformity to fixed regulations is against their very nature, and the history of Holland is a long record of the continuous struggle between particularism, tenacious of its freedom, and authority, responsible for the public weal. The present time bids fair to settle this old antagonism by a decisive victory of authority. Individual enterprise has, by dire necessity, been forced to yield to the levelling power of Government control and organization. Former competitors, whose principal notion of success in business was the ultimate ousting of one another from the market, have now become partners concerned like brothers in obtaining, by their joint endeavors, the necessary raw materials which no one could dream of securing on his own account. But even together they could not succeed without the assistance of the Government, which, for the sake of a just and equal distribution of these materials, has had to usurp the right to control the supply by an intricate system of regulations.

It is difficult to predict under what form this new régime of coöperation is likely ultimately to perpetuate itself and how far it is destined to extend. History never retraces its steps, and it is not probable that individual enterprise will regain its former freedom; but neither is authority likely to hold its usurped control to the present extent when less abnormal conditions shall make its interference less indispensable. We are presumably entering upon a period of cooperative activity, of trusts and corners, which, unhampered by restrictions and vexatious rules, will exercise control at the cost of the individual consumers unless the latter also unite to form coöperative purchasing organizations. An eminent Dutch economist sees in this probable course of events an ascent towards a higher social organization. It goes without saying that certain groups and classes will have to suffer in the process, as the better is never achieved without loss of some good. In reducing the amount of unavoidable suffering to its minimum, the state may be able to turn its new controlling power to good account. The industrial world of Holland is beginning to realize this advantage of Government intervention. It has wisely made a virtue of necessity and, far from merely submitting to compulsory organization as a temporary nuisance, it has done its utmost to strengthen such organization and make of it a permanent common defence in the economic war that is to follow the armed contest.

In this consolidation of national energy industrial Holland has the good fortune to receive support from a Cabinet Minister who, by universal assent, is held to be the strongest member of the Government. This man is Mr. M. W. F. Treub, formerly professor of political economy in the University of Amsterdam, and now, for the second time, Minister of Finance in the Cabinet of Mr. Cort Van der Linden. At the outbreak of the war Mr. Treub held the office of Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, but a few months later, when his colleague, the Minister of Finance, resigned, he took over the management of the Financial Department. Being, however, of an unbending, self-assertive nature, he decided to resign in February, 1916, rather than yield to the Opposition in the Second Chamber. A year later, however, he returned to office, at the express wish, it was rumored, of the highest authority, and to the great satisfaction of the bulk of the nation, which felt his forced inactivity as a shameful waste of mental power. Under the auspices of this Minister, industrial and commercial Holland is preparing itself for the coming era of intensified competition.

On Saturday, December 16, Mr. Treub addressed the first meeting of a newly formed party which public rumor—justly, as he confessed in his speech—had fathered upon him. The very fact of a Minister of the Crown dealing with the public cause outside Parliament is an unprecedented novelty in the political history of Holland and may be taken as a symptom of Mr. Treub's determination to do away with all antiquated prejudice and routine that may hamper the free development of new conditions. The new party, which was constituted at this meeting, calls itself the Economic Union. It is a political party only in so far as it intends to take an active part in the elections and send its representatives to Parliament, but it differs from the existing parties in that it does not worship a special political dogma, to swerve from which would be heresy. The Union's principal aim is to solve, by means of parliamentary legislation, such problems of practical politics as the nature of the times brings to the fore, and to support the Government in retaining and reorganizing the control it has gained over industry and trade. "If we have but eight or ten representatives in the Second Chamber, we shall possess enough authority in Parliament to compel that assembly to devote more attention to economic questions than it has done up to now," said Mr. Treub. In other words, as a political party the Union does not strive for supremacy over other groups. In principle, it does not refuse its support to any democratic organization, but in giving that support it will be guided solely by the question of the candidate's eligibility. Not the man's confessed adherence to the democratic doctrine will carry weight with the Union, but his capacity to help in solving such questions as the needs of the time bring up for solution.

What sort of questions are these? Mr. Treub has answered this query in his interesting book on "The Economic Future of Holland," which may be considered as the Economic Union's plan of action for the near future. There is, first of all, the problem of Dutch navigation. If the belligerents carry out their plans for an intensely nationalistic organization of shipping, Holland will have to be on the *qui vive;* in that case the Union will advocate Government control of freights, especially in order to maintain the tie between the motherland and the colonies. Such a national freight policy would enable Holland to withstand attempts of other states to undermine her economic interests in the Dutch Indies.

Similar considerations will demand a stricter state control of railway rates, so as to compel the railway companies to support, as far as possible, a truly national commercial policy. There is the more cause for such official control since the two principal railway companies have, in the course of the war, been consolidated; the monopoly which they have thus gained makes for a decrease of working expenses, but it may also, in the absence of state interference, lead to exploitation of the public. Against an all-powerful railway trust the state will also have to protect such communities as depend entirely on railway lines for connections with other parts of the country. There is danger that rates between places connected by water as well as by rail should be kept lower than those for similar distances between towns

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dependent wholly on the railways. This competition between railway companies and inland shipping might lead to even worse consequences if the railways reserved a surplus of their rolling stock for those lines which have to compete with waterways, a proceeding that not only would lame the shipping in that particular area, but would also cause a shortage of rolling stock in those parts where the railway companies have no competition to fear. It goes without saying that the interests of our home industries and our shipping trade cannot be left at the mercy of a selfish railway policy. The Economic Union would therefore welcome a more rigid control of the railways by the state.

But this sort of preventive protection of trade and industry will be only part of the state's future task. The state will have not only to protect, but also to stimulate and further enterprise—not, however, by means of a protective tariff. A protective system that included the Dutch colonies and isolated them from foreign capital and commerce would hinder the development of the Dutch Indies and would ultimately prove the most dangerous policy for this country to adopt. Practically speaking, a protective tariff could embrace only the kingdom in Europe. But what would become of Holland's prosperity if, at a time when the world is perhaps to be divided into two more or less closely knit tariff unions, she should raise obstacles to her own export industries by introducing a protective commercial policy? In a world empire that can spend immense sums on export premiums and can systematically employ dumping practices, export industries may perhaps thrive under protection, but a small country like Holland cannot, with any hope of success, wield such weapons in the international economic struggle.

But neither is the theoretical free-trade principle of any practical use. The state can no longer leave industry and trade to shift for themselves. The doctrine of non-intervention has become obsolete. But in what manner can the state intervene in behalf of industry without making use of protection? If differential measures are introduced by the two opposing unions, the neutrals, though they will not be welcomed with much sympathy by either party, will yet have the advantage of meeting abroad with less distrust than will foreign traders among their enemies of yesteryear. This relative preference which neutrals will enjoy between the two hostile camps is bound to attract foreign traders to the neutral countries in the hope of carrying on business there under disguise. This clandestine practice, in which the Germans have proved themselves masters, is bound to injure bona-fide business concerns by the general suspicion which it will arouse against Dutch firms in the Entente countries. Against this German invasion Dutch legislation will have to be on its guard. A reorganization of the consular service also will have to be undertaken. Up to the present time, the task of informing the foreign buyer concerning the Dutch products has been entrusted, in a great many cases, to honorary consuls, and those not seldom foreigners, from whom little exertion can be expected on behalf of Dutch interests.

The Economic Union hopes to convince the public of the urgency of these reforms and, through its spokesmen in Parliament, it hopes to win over the representatives of other parties which still cling to the old doctrines of Calvinism or Marxism as guiding principles for practical politics. Though concerned chiefly with the economic welfare of the country and averse to hard-and-fast party creeds, the Union will thus take its place among the political organizations of the land. That its entry into the lists will leave a mark on the development of events in the near future cannot be doubted. Under the auspices of Mr. Treub the Economic Union is bound to become a powerful element in the national organism.

The Hague, December 16, 1917

Correspondence

Sauce for the Goose

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article in the issue of January 24 on the subject of treason stalking about states the noteworthy fact that authority is prone to be more tolerant of criticism from reactionaries than from radicals. However, you have missed the real point of the situation, which is that both extreme radicals and extreme reactionaries are troublesome and in the way at a time like this. DEMAREST LLOYD

Boston, Mass., January 28

Crowned Republics

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading H. G. Wells's "Main Aims," advocating the creation of a number of crowned republics after the war, the writer recalled the sarcastic remark of the Byronic Devil in "A Vision of Judgment": "I've kings enough below, God knows!" Can any one think of a better reply to the suggestion of this monarchist?

MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN

Urbana, Ill., January 29

Errata

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In two passages of my article on Genius and Taste (*Nation*, February 7) the printer has allowed words to drop out in such a fashion as to obscure seriously my meaning. Here is the correct form of these passages with the words to be restored in italics:

(1.) The strength of the primitivist is that he recognizes in his own way the truth proclaimed by Napoleon—that imagination governs the world. *The true opposite of the original genius is not the man who is merely sensible, but the man whose imagination is so concentric that he has, as one may say,* the genius of common sense.

(2.) It is this fact, the weightiest of all, that the corrupters *of the literary conscience and* of the conscience in general have failed to face in making of the imagination the irresponsible accomplice of the unchained emotions.

IRVING BABBITT

Cambridge, Mass., February 10

A Satisfied Reader

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find the *Nation* more valuable than ever, now that this country is at war. The restrained, impartial, and at the same time patriotic editorials and short articles which

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appear in its columns are in my judgment the best obtainable comment on these momentous events.

F. B. GARVER

Stanford University, Cal., January 26

Letters of Mrs. Agassiz

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A biography of Elizabeth Cary Agassiz, wife of Professor Louis Agassiz, and first president of Radcliffe College, is being prepared for publication in accordance with the wishes of the Council of the college. The editors are Miss Emma F. Cary and myself. Any of your readers who may have letters of Mrs. Agassiz, of which the editors may make use, are requested kindly to send them to me at the address given below. They will be promptly copied and returned by registered mail.

(Miss) LUCY ALLEN PATON

302, The Strathcona, Cambridge, Mass., January 30

History, Ancient and Modern

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following passage, translated from Professor Eduard Meyer's "Forschungen zur alten Geschichte" (1892), p. 232, may be of interest to some of your readers:

> That was an epoch of the profoundest political agitation, in which the Spartan state, directly as a result of its mighty victories, fell internally into complete disorganization. It was not only that there was a condition of ferment among the vassals and those with incomplete civic rights, and that the old body of citizens had been decimated by the war—what appeared far worse was that all the foundations of the traditional order were assailed. Great treasures flowed into Sparta; luxury and avarice were prevalent; and a new type of politics appeared which misled the old honorable principles into crooked ways and did not shrink from craft and violence, yes, even from crime, in order to assure the power of Sparta and of its nobility.

Is it to Sparta alone, in the year 400 B. C., that these words apply? Or, if the Berlin intellectual who penned them can find no modern parallel, must we wait twenty-three hundred years more for some future Eduard Meyer, perhaps in Nigeria or in Bagdad, to write a somewhat simliar characterization of a later Sparta, supported, like the former, upon blood and iron?

ARTHUR STANLEY PEASE

Urbana, Ill., February 5

Internationalized Free Trade

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder if thousands of your readers were not growing impatient for the *Nation* to announce—as Mr. Villard at length did in the number of January 3—that the moment is here when, together with other more clearly recognized essentials of a democratic peace, "free trade" may and must be considered. If not, if busy people have failed to discern (and with enthusiasm) how logically implicit in President Wilson's conception of a rationally reconstituted world order is the necessity of relieving politics of such aggravations to war as particularistically centred tariffs and kindred trade restrictions, the fault, not impossibly, lies in the term itself. "Free Speech" and "Free Press" are terms that thrill one; but "Free Trade"!—why, it reacts upon the man of affairs too much like the label of an ancient patent medicine—well recommended, to be sure, by economists, "theorists!" but—— The label should be changed, if only to induce the moss-grown partisan to swallow without revulsion at least a few doses of what he has so long imagined bitter and very possibly poisonous.

But upon analysis of the medicine itself (the ideal content and intent), do we find the new formula identical with the simple negative one of the past? Without attempting otherwise to describe the economic aspect of the proposed world order, I would ask if it (necessarily vague as "it" is) is not more truly characterized by the term "internationalization of international trade."

EDWIN OAKFORD

Peoria, Ill., January 23

BOOKS

The Cambridge History of American Literature

Cambridge History of American Literature, Vol. I: Colonial and Revolutionary Literature, Early National Literature, Part I. Edited by W. P. Trent and others. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

THE appearance of the first volume in the Cambridge History of American Literature is one among many events of national significance in 1917. Our traditional neglect of our own spiritual history is registered in the fact that very few will read it at once, very few intend to read it some time, and very few more are even conscious of it as a work for others to read. Yet the fact is momentous that at last there has been issued one extensive and scholarly survey of American literary history which can claim an equal prestige with a dozen or a score of American political histories.

Up to the present the student of American letters could turn to no single authoritative work. He has had a wide choice of little books, too brief to afford him any substantial critical judgments, and too crowded with negligible personalities to supply him with any clear estimate of general values. If he insisted on more than these he could resort to a series—an unhappily descending one—of three works: Moses Coit Tyler's masterly studies which carry the story finely and amply from 1607 to 1783; Charles F. Richardson's thousand pages chiefly devoted to the men who wrote during Irving's lifetime, or Barrett Wendell's too exclusive discussion of America in terms of New England; and F. L. Pattee's partial continuation of the story since 1870.

Conscious of the painful degree to which he has been making shift all these years, the seasoned student has eagerly awaited the appearance of the Cambridge History. It was to be an extensive chronicle and interpretation of American thought; it was to be authoritative, each section surveyed by a complete and sympathetic expert; it was, by virtue of editorial forethought and afterthought, to be harmonious in scale, method, and execution, analytical in its parts, but as a whole an ordered synthesis. Furthermore, for the peace of mind of future students it was to be full and precise in all its references, cross-references, and indexes, and for students and librarians it was for the moment to be up-to-date in bibliographical detail. This was, of course, "a rather large order," and it is perhaps as much as could

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be hoped that the expectant student is moderately happy in the first volume and in the promise of the two to come.

As an item in the literary history of America the roster of editors and contributors to this work is more than casually significant. The editors have every qualification for the undertaking that America can offer. Professor Trent, the senior of the group, has doubtless done more to stimulate sound research and good writing on American letters than any other contemporary. His colleagues have all made substantial contributions in research or criticism. Yet the traditions of scholarship in the field of so-called "English"—which sometimes includes but often excludes American literature—are such that in the entire volume only one chapter is written by an avowed specialist in American literary study. Many of the others are by highly qualified scholars who have done significant work in the fields from which they have contributed. Yet there is a touch of irony in the fact that the most authoritative history of American literature yet published had perforce to be the joint by-product of a group who are primarily interested in other things.

This is, in a measure, by the way. It is doubtful if any degree of specialization would have made ten of the eighteen chapters much more exact or rich than they are as they stand—the chapters on Edwards, Franklin, The Colonial Newspaper and Magazine, American Political Writing, The Early Drama (and perhaps The Early Essayists), the two chapters on Fiction, and those on Transcendentalism and Emerson. On the other hand, it is quite possible that narrowed erudition might have contracted and desiccated these admirably critical essays. With varying degrees of success each of these studies that deals with group subjects brings into relief the really striking names, recognizes the confirming evidence of the subordinate writers, and develops a critical estimate of values without which the marshalled facts would amount to so much intellectual hardware.

But the first three chapters—on Travellers and Explorers, Historians, and Puritan Divines—make an unpropitious beginning, seeming to confirm in all innocence the prefatory quotation to the effect that "our ancestors were a pious and persevering race of men, who really did possess some strength of character, but . . . a few pages are 'ample room and verge enough' to trace their character and history together" (p. iv). By planning three sweeping surveys of the first colonial century or more, each in terms of a different type of author, the editors sacrificed any progressive view of the century as a whole—a century for which one of the later chapters supplies the pertinent comment: "Life, in spite of the student, is not a matter of water-tight compartments"; and this century "was neither social nor political, nor industrial, nor economic, nor literary, nor scientific, nor religious. It was all of them at once" (p. 327). Had the century been considered in its entirety as a tumultuous period of experimental revolt and counter-revolt against authority, and had it been put in the hands of literary critics, rather than in the hands of the best of antiquarians and historians, it is less likely that Tyler's most notable omission—that of Thomas Morton's "New English Canaan"—would have been repeated, or that the extraordinary personality of Nathaniel Ward would have been dismissed with a clause, or that Sarah Kemble Knight would have been disposed of in a half-page, and Samuel Sewall—a diarist as important as Pepys or Evelyn—in a dozen words.

The two chapters on the poetry are the least effective in the volume. The first, on "The Beginnings of Verse," is very difficult to fathom. It concludes with the statements that the early poetry "as a whole is the extremely sophisticated result of English literary traditions. In style, at least, it is highly imitative of English literary models, and in many instances it shows an immediate transmission of literary influences. Finally, in the average merit of its style, it is, at least in the eighteenth century, quite equal to all but the very best of the time in the mother country" (p. 184). Yet, in spite of the apparent respect for the subject which this passage suggests, the chapter displays the prevailing tone of Touchstone's apology for Audrey. The author seems to be afraid that Sydney Smith will reappear and reinquire, "Who reads an American book?" The danger reduces him to the state of mind of the upholsterer's widow who "would now and then forget herself and confess that she was pleased, but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement." Thus, "it is beyond belief that either Wigglesworth or any other New England versifier of his period could have originated or even improved any form of verse" (p. 157). "Outrageously long poems on æsthetic subjects were rife in America towards the close of the century" (p. 165). "To the worst vices of the conventional poetic diction, Barlow, in a painful effort to achieve the grandiose, has added vile phrases of his own peculiar coinage" (p. 171). "Before the nineteenth century our social and literary satires are amusing only as futile attempts to make something out of nothing" (p. 175).

From writing done in this temper one learns to expect carelessness as to fact and dogmatic certainty as to matters of opinion. As to fact, for example, the Bay Psalm Book was not the "first book published on American soil." That appeared in the City of Mexico more than a century earlier.* Pope's "reign" in America was not undisputed for almost a century after 1715 (p. 159). Frequent allusions show that the author himself does not really think so, though he appears to be entirely unaware of the prompt and striking influence of Thomson's "Seasons" on Lewis's four-times printed "Journey from Patapsco to Annapolis in 1730." Freneau was not "the only poet aside from the Hartford group who was mentioned in connection with them" (p. 164). Francis Hopkinson—we have it on the authority of his townsman, Dr. Rush—wielded an "irresistible influence" through his verse. Robert Treat Paine did not enjoy "a reputation surpassing that of any of his contemporaries." One need only mention Freneau, Trumbull, Dwight, and Barlow, all of whose lives enclosed Paine's. One could, if space permitted, proceed to many matters of opinion which are treated as matters of fact; but this review cannot include discussion of the author's assertion that Anne Bradstreet was not a poet, or that "Greenfield Hill" was not a poem, or that "The Progress of Dullness" is less interesting than "M'Fingal," or that the reputation of Paine—such as it was—is attributable to "Boston's craving for a poet" and "the bad taste of the time." This chapter is spirited, but not sound. A contributor to the Cambridge History should be scrupulous at all points, and "let who will be clever."

The other chapter on poetry, divided between Bryant and The Minor Poets, errs in the opposite way, by going to the extreme of laudation. No other American poet than Bryant "felt his high calling, it seems, with so priestly a consecration" (p. 261). "He compassed the generations of

*"Escala espiritual" of St. John Climacus. Juan Pablos, Printer. 1535.

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all that once was or is still most reputed in American poetry" (p. 262). "No American poet, except Whitman, had an imagination at all like Bryant's or indeed, except Whitman and Emerson, so great as Bryant's" (p. 271). As a naturalist he was equal to Thoreau and Burroughs (p. 271). "He knew best the American scene, and was the first to reveal it in art" (p. 272). "Bryant is, with Poe, America's finest artist in verse" (p. 275). The Minor Poets simply serve to "emphasize for us to-day . . . the relative greatness of Bryant" (p. 283).

Unfortunately this enthusiasm for Bryant is indiscriminate and blurred, as are the metaphors in the preliminary assertion that "this inner urge and bent, witnessed so early and so long, could not be severed, early or late, from the unfathomable world." And it indulges in subtle innuendoes that one cannot follow, as when it says, "Three periods have been discovered for Chaucer, and four for Shakespeare; our modest American was without 'periods.'" It is hard to see wherein resides the modesty of being without periods. And as a matter of fact Bryant's life indubitably falls into them. He was emphatically a different man after his entrance into the world of action gave him more of an interest in life itself and less in its embellishments. There was no complete reversal of attitude, but he suffered a sea change of which there were two broad indications. The first and less important was that nature no longer inevitably induced mournful or even sober thoughts. "The Planting of the Apple Tree" is serenely recorded in "quaint old rhymes," the stanzas on "Robert of Lincoln" are positively jolly. The other sign of change appears in the increasing proportion of poems which, like his editorial articles and commemorative addresses, were definitely related to life. The "Hymn of the City" celebrates the presence of God in town as well as in country; and "The Battle Field" displays a new zest for justice and good citizenship. These, with a long series of other poems, definitely mark Bryant's later period—the period in which society replaced the isolated individuals who had formerly populated his world.

A word remains to be said about the mechanics of the History. The monumental bibliography, which occupies two-fifths of the volume, is a feature of immense value. Evidently the purpose was to make this complete; and such complete work as the book contains should somewhere be available; but the result has been to accumulate a vast amount of material which at points is in striking disproportion with the text. The outstanding illustration is in connection with the chapter on The Puritan Divines, which includes twenty-five pages of text and forty-one of bibliography, of which seventeen are devoted to the nearly four hundred titles by Cotton Mather. This reminds one of Nathaniel Ward's "A good text alwayes deserves a fair Margent; I am not much offended if I see a trimme, far trimmer than she that weares it"; for the gentle dame in this case is in grave danger of suffocation under her bibliographical furbelows. The index is unfortunately slender for a work of this character, and is fallible in its proof-reading. Finally, in the cross-references citing treatments of authors in various parts of the book, it was unworkmanlike to refer readers to chapters instead of to explicit pages.

It is ungracious work to carp and nibble at a noteworthy undertaking; but unevenness of execution, a lack of unity in method, and a certain disregard of proportion mar a book which for the most part is a distinguished piece of writing and editing.

Scandinavian Translations

Arnljot Gelline. By Björnstjerne Björnson. From the Norwegian, with an Introduction by William Morton Payne. New York: American-Scandinavian Foundation. $1.50.

Marie Grubbe. By Jens Peter Jacobsen. From the Danish, with an Introduction by Hanna Astrup Larsen. New York: American-Scandinavian Foundation. $1.50.

THE two most recent volumes of the Scandinavian Classics are wisely chosen and excellently translated. Both are works of characteristic Scandinavian genius and both of a sort to delight the general reader as much as the student of literature.

Björnson, seen through the perspective of history, seems above all a romantic force. He towers more and more above any one of his works or even all of them together. He always was the man that he wished his countrymen to be. He was the most adequate of his artistic creations. In his early career he pointed men's minds backward to the clean, strenuous times of the Old Norse heroes. Degenerate modern men needed to drink of their spirit. Björnson himself through his associations with these heroes had become as they. He had their conception of the vast issues at stake in the typical human struggle. He felt the same need for assertion, for personal triumph over pressing dangers and confining circumstances. In other words, the ardor of Old Norse times made Björnson a fiery, romantic spirit, a Stürmer und Dränger. In all his works this same emphatic temper appears, but more and more modified by the social and national work it found to do.

In "Arnljot Gelline" we behold the youthful Björnson, his spirit vaunting itself in good romantic fashion. He lets Arnljot, the mythical primitive saga-figure, speak for him as clearly as Byron's voice is heard in "Manfred." The superb giant, predatory, ferocious, and suffering, became eloquent through his life for the struggling, aspiring Björnson. The poem consists of fifteen songs—all rhapsodical. Together they produce an effect a little chaotic. The unity of the work is largely one of subjective vigor and metrical sweep. Each song, to be sure, has its characteristic form of verse, usually *vers libre*, but always persistently trochaic. The movement is therefore rapid, even breathless.

These metrical characteristics have meant enormous difficulties for the translator, but Mr. Payne has solved them with almost invariable tact and skill. He has reproduced the rhythms and rhymes of the original, and in the process seldom taken undue liberty with the text. All that is essential in this completely Norse romantic poem is found in Mr. Payne's verses.

Gaar d'ikke fykende
Gaar d'ikke rykkende
Jaemter efter i drukken flokk
Blodhunder slippes, de finner dem jo nok.
Mellem snefrosne traer
I maaneskjaer
Stille staar den store skog med skygger.

How they go hurrying
How they go scurrying
Iamtlanders follow, a drunken rout,
Unleashing their bloodhounds, to scent them out,
As the bright moonlight
Floods the wintry night—
Black lie the shadows cast by the forest.

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It would be hard to find a spirit more completely antithetical to that of the youthful Björnson than J. P. Jacobsen. He was a poet whose prose style is just as carefully wrought and instinct with beauty as his lyric poems. "Marie Grubbe" was the sole work of four years. Björnson's youthful poem seems mere clever improvisation beside this delicately composed prose.

"Marie Grubbe" is less a novel than an imaginative biography of an historical character of the Danish Renaissance, the story of a woman who married first the natural son of the King and later a low ferryman. The fiction is not so much a study of gradual deterioration of the passionate woman as the presentation of the crucial dramatic moments in her life. Jacobsen's art is applied to recreating the full-blooded men and women who make the history of her life, to establishing just the right emotional tone of a scene, to making every detail both recall the historical past and establish the emotional content of the moment presented in the work of art. To get these effects Jacobsen sought long for unique expressions; he used obsolescent words; he coined new ones; he kept his ear keen for the rhythm and cadence of his prose. He is, therefore, as impossible to translate in his entirety as is Flaubert. Miss Larsen has approached her problem fully aware of all these difficulties. She has never been infelicitous. Often, to be sure, the more delicate effects of the original are lost, but enough remains to show English readers that J. P. Jacobsen was one of the greatest writers of prose in the nineteenth century.

Chronicles of Historic Flights

The Romance of Escapes: Studies of Some Historic Flights with a Personal Commentary. By Tighe Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3 net.

THE chronicles of heroism are, as a rule, so busy with the details of martyrdom and sacrifice as to give only incidental attention to the adventures of those persons whose claims to fame rest on their success in fleeing from either fate. Even Othello, recounting the tales with which he moved the heart of Desdemona, dismisses his "hair-breadth 'scapes" with only a passing reference. Of stories of escape told by the chief performers in them, Mr. Hopkins is somewhat skeptical till they have passed the acid test of historical criticism; and the term "romance" in the title of his book is evidently used in its broadest sense, to cover whatever is picturesque and stirring in the recital, regardless of its absolute consonance with established facts. He draws a distinction, nevertheless, between the escape of a mere jailbird from impending punishment and the escape of a soldier from honorable captivity, escape being one of the arts in which a soldier may take as legitimate professional pride as in circumventing a superior force in the field or capturing a well-protected post by surprise. Escapes have always been rare, and from many of those which suggest romance the glamour is dispelled by dispassionate examination. The Bonaparte family furnish illustrative examples of three different types.

The most interesting of these tales deals with the escape of Prince Louis, afterward Napoleon III, from the fortress of Ham, where he was serving a sentence of perpetual imprisonment as the penalty of a premature attempt at revolution. That it was without sensational features was not the fault of the attendant circumstances; for Louis had the whole power and prestige of the Government against him, and knew that any blunder might cost him his life. For about six years he had been conducting himself as a model prisoner, and spending all his spare time in scholarly pursuits, thus diverting the suspicions of his custodians from himself to possible plotters outside. The diversion, indeed, went so far that, whereas the strictest orders were issued against letting any unknown person into the fortress, all its inmates, except the prisoners of state, enjoyed the largest liberty of egress. It was this contrast which inspired in Louis's mind the idea of an escape as commonplace in plan as it was daring in execution. A gang of workmen had been brought into the building to repair a stairway. He watched them at their task till he had mastered their manners and motions; then acquiring, by the aid of a loyal valet who shared his confinement, a laborer's costume, he clad himself in this one morning, sent the valet ahead to lure the real workers into a wineroom, pulled a shelf from his bookcase and shouldered it like a common board, and, keeping it tilted on one edge at such an angle as to conceal his face from any one he passed, made his way unceremoniously and without challenge through the gates into the great free world. This was in 1846; before the close of 1848 he had become President by popular vote, and in December, 1852, he attained his highest ambition and crowned himself Emperor.

The flight of Empress Eugénie from Paris in the autumn of 1870 was, at the time, and for a good while thereafter, a favorite topic for dramatic descriptive writing, yet it now appears a comparatively humdrum experience. There is no valid reason to suppose that, immediately after Sedan, the proletariat was particularly incensed against the Empress personally: all it demanded was the dissolution of the Imperial Government. It did not even know, on the day she left the city, the extent of the disaster that had befallen the French arms, or that the Emperor was a prisoner. Nor did the Empress manifest any desire to resist deposition; her one thought seems to have been to remain, if possible, inside her beloved Paris, whether in her monarchical character or as a simple citizen of the new republic. It was only the apprehensions entertained by Dr. Evans and his confidential friends as to what might follow if something unforeseen should happen to arouse an ugly spirit among the people that led to the sudden departure of Eugénie and her party for England. As events developed, it was doubtless a judicious move; but it was by no means a highly colored or thrilling experience, and there were no detentions on the way.

The adventures of both Louis and his consort were real, whatever their flavor of romance or their lack of it; but what our author calls "the finest Napoleon story in the world," unearthed from an obscure source and outlined here for the benefit of the ultra-credulous, represents the great first Bonaparte as having escaped his final banishment altogether, by secretly turning over the honor to one of his soldiers who resembled him so perfectly as to deceive his captors, while the handful of friends whom he had chosen to share his exile lent themselves so loyally to the deception that they went to St. Helena and endured the society of the imitation Bonaparte as long as the latter lived. The genuine chieftain, meanwhile, migrated to Florence, adopted the trade of an optician, and passed his last years behind the counter of his shop.

Of some other episodes of escape rehearsed by Mr. Hopkins the heroes are Casanova, Donat O'Brien, the Confederate raider Gen. John M. Morgan, Gen. Aylmer L. Haldane of

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Boer War fame, and John Mitchel, the Irish insurgent of '48, grandfather of the late Mayor of New York. Barring a little verbal inflation, the stories are cleverly told.

Of, By, and For Women

The Wishing Ring Man. By Margaret Widdemer. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

Ladies Must Live. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: The Century Company.

A Maid of Old Manhattan. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Herself, Himself, and Myself. By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Heart of Isabel Carleton. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A Daughter of the Morning. By Zona Gale. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Heart of O Sono San. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THESE are books of that feminine quality which must be the despair of the feminist. They rest blandly and securely upon the deathless charm of women for women. Man has a precarious standing in this sort of literature—at best the stability of a drawing-room fixture. Maidens love love, and matrons love the maidens that love love, and all this, of course, yields a place to lovers in the offing. But the main thing is the pretty girl and the pretty story that weaves its bridal veil about her. Decorative use is made now and then, in current practice, of the independent and rebellious airs of modern girlhood, but one does not seriously defy Prince Charming. The author of "The Wishing Ring Man" is a confirmed admirer (we would not say exploiter) of girlhood. This is the "bright" tale of a damsel condemned to be a picturesque ornament in the household of her poet-grandfather, until an innocent contrivance for momentary release results in her permanent escape. She is the imprisoned princess of immortal fable, given piquancy by the fact that she virtually foists herself upon the chivalry of the rescuing prince. By her grandfather's decree she is not to leave home, even for an ordinary visit, till she is "engaged"; but there is no chance of her meeting anybody at home to whom she could become engaged; therefore she cuts the knot by announcing her engagement to a man whom she has barely met. He plays his part nobly, and all is well in the end. The same situation is the basis of "Ladies Must Live," but here the lady involved is far less ingenuous, and the whole handling of the theme is witty and flexible—a clever bit of social comedy as contrasted with a rather far-fetched piece of feminine romance. "A Maid of Old Manhattan" is the third effort in the field of American historical romance by these authors. One of them is a man, but we note that, writing by himself, he does stories of the track-and-grid-iron sort; the flavor of this book is unmistakably feminine. It has to do with the closing years of Peter Stuyvesant's rule over Manhattan. The maid is of English birth, has become by chance the infant ward of a tribe of Indians, and passes her later girlhood in the household of a kindly dame of Manhattan. Enough to say of the plot that it destines her, after suitable ups and downs of fate, to be the bride of Stuyvesant's son. Local and historical color are laid on thickly rather than skilfully; and the dialogue is in that lamentable lingo which the lesser historical romancers seem to feel bound to affect; why force a pseudo-Elizabethan accent upon the Dutchmen and Dutchwomen of old Manhattan?

"Herself, Himself, and Myself" is a graceful story of the smile-and-tear sort. Herself is an American girl, the daughter of a genius who has made an unhappy end. Himself is the princely mate of whom she dreams from childhood. Myself is the Irish nurse who devotes herself to Herself and is her companion all along the youthful road that leads, however waveringly, towards the goal of Himself. For Himself is a goal, and not, as long-faced chroniclers of the "real" would have made him, a signpost or a pitfall by the way. The humor and sentiment of the tale are purely feminine; the writer has plainly set out to provide a syllabub (or should we now say a "sundae"?)—a story to please the taste and not too seriously menace the digestion of the schoolgirls who like "something good" to dream on, or the tired housewives who like "something pretty" to divert them from the homeliness of facts or even from the exacting beauty of reality. Wedding bells properly ring down the curtain on this sort of romance. It is none of our business what happens to the young pair after Heaven has joined them; they have done what they can for us. "The Heart of Isabel Carleton" belongs more distinctly to the order of "flapper" fiction. The heroine has served in that capacity in an earlier story. Here we see Isabel through her sophomore year in a great State university, and leave her comfortably in the arms of one of the two nice youths who have been mildly wooing her. Reading through these pages is rather like consuming a dozen cream puffs at a sitting—a process not to be commended to the male reader of mature years! Yet this harmless prattle, these tiny undergraduate adventures, are just the mild form of literature dainty schoolgirls delight in.

"A Daughter of the Morning" puts once more into modern dress the fairy tale of the beggar maid. Cosma Wakely is the daughter of a poor farmer. Her mother is a hopeless drudge, slattern, and scold, and the girl sees nothing before her but the same fate till a chance meeting with a strange young man from the outer world opens her eyes and fires her determination. She runs away to the city, is persecuted by a wicked rich young man, is virtually adopted by a rich woman, and in a few years has been transformed from a vulgar country wench into a bachelor of arts and finished society beauty. All along she has loved the fine youth who first put her on the upward road. He is a philanthropist and social reformer; she gives up luxury to become his secretary, wins his love, and it is by chance that he discovers her to be the girl of his momentary acquaintance years ago. The modern note in all this is Cosma's hesitation about marrying him, not for any mediæval reason like a sense of unworthiness, but because she does not care to give up her place as his secretary and assistant in order to become his wife, his housekeeper, and the mother of his children. She confesses (or exults in) her hatred of housekeeping and not being a "mother-woman"; which means that like Deborah in Mr. Poole's "His Family"—and how many other current heroines—she aspires to mother the world at large. We are to understand that a suitable arrangement is made, safeguarding her independence and dignity. The important thing is that, having thus vindicated herself as a beggar maid to-date, she and her author permit the wedding bells to conclude the matter in much the old-fashioned way. Meanwhile the older ideal of womanhood is not without its open celebrants. Griseldas are still patient, meek-

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ness and self-sacrifice persist in the face of modernity. Over against the nervous self-consciousness of an Isabel Carleton or the conforming egotism of a Cosma Wakely may still be set whole races of devoted—weaklings, shall we say? "The Heart of O Sono San" is a tale to the glory of Japanese womanhood. For modern Japan, with its cosmopolitan tendencies, says the author, her women "are the guardians of the old ideals. They still believe that the only qualities that befit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy, and quietness. . . . The woman of Japan owes absolute obedience and loyalty to her parents, her clan, and her country. She must be willing to sacrifice for them her life, if necessary. It seems a hard law to the Woman of the West, but it has produced one of the sweetest, finest types of womanhood that the world has ever known." Bold words in this day, when self-sacrifice and self-fulfilment are held to be the nether and upper extremes of feminine achievement. The tale of O Sono San, who has so much devotion to offer and so little happiness to receive from life, is a tale for readers who cling to the old notion that service itself may be a gracious means of fulfilment.

Notes

AMONG the forthcoming publications of Harper & Brothers are: "The Iron Ration," by Capt. George Abel Schreiner; and "A History of Architecture," by Fiske Kimball and G. H. Edgell.

Houghton Mifflin Company announce for publication today: "Impossible People," by Mary C. E. Wemyss; "The Finding of Norah," by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham; "Lincoln in Illinois," by Octavia Roberts; "The Door of Dreams," by Jessie B. Rittenhouse; "Companions of the Way," by Edward M. Chapman; "The Life of Naomi Norsworthy," by Frances Caldwell Higgins; and "Trapped in Black Russia," by Ruth Pierce.

In the near future Henry Holt & Company will publish "Fear God in Your Own Village," by Richard Morse; and "Hope Trueblood," by Patience Worth.

"The Voice of Lincoln," by R. M. Wanamaker, is announced for publication shortly by Scribners.

The forthcoming publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons include the following volumes: "Schönbrunn," by J. A. Cramb; "The Hunter," by Watson Dyke; "The Holy Spirit —A Layman's Conception," by William Ives Washburn.

The March publications of Frederick A. Stokes Company include the following: "The Threshold of Quiet," by Daniel Corkery; "The Rider in Khaki," by Nat Gould; "Soldiers Both," by Gustave Guiches; "Waysiders," by Seumas O'Kelly; "The House of Conrad," by Elias Tobenkin; "Thoughts on Love and Death," anonymous; "The Psychology of the Future," by Emile Boirac; "Home Help in Music Study," by Harriette Brower; "Through Lapland with Skis and Reindeer," by Frank H. Butler; "A Diary of Flowers," by Sarah G. Fife; "The Psychology of Marriage," by Walter M. Gallichan; "The American Spirit," by Franklin K. Lane in "The New Commonwealth Series"; "The Muse in Arms," by E. B. Osborn; "Collected Works," by Padraic Pearse; "Letters to the Mother of a Soldier," by Richardson Wright.

IN almost all the particulars which we previously criticised adversely, the Modern Library (Boni & Liveright; 60 cents each) shows improvement in its latest volumes. The new titles evince a broader, mellower, more normal taste, for the Nietzsche-Wilde-Schopenhauer fare first offered, with its exoticism and self-conscious radicalism, has been amplified by such substantial, perennially good pabulum as Howells's "A Hazard of New Fortunes," Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," Wells's "Ann Veronica," Sudermann's "Dame Care," Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways," Gilbert's "The Mikado and Other Plays," Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons," a selection from the poems of Swinburne, and Anatole France's "Sylvestre Bonnard." Not yet do the publishers venture back to such *vieux jeu* as a classic published before 1850, and in token that the editors have not forgotten the word "modern" we have Chesterton's "The Man Who Was Thursday," Lord Dunsany's "A Dreamer's Tales," Schnitzler's "Anatol and Other Plays," James Stephens's "Mary, Mary," Wilde's Poems, and other books of the post-fin-de-siècle period in Britain and on the Continent. But we may hope that the publishers will give us more of Howells, Turgenev, Meredith, Hardy, and the modern compeers who are of their general type, and in time have courage to wander back upon the wide fields which Everyman's Library, the World's Classics, and the Home Library have by no means explored with completeness. The paper in the new volumes is distinctly improved. The translations are by better hands than before, the translator of "Sylvestre Bonnard" being Lafcadio Hearn, of "Madame Bovary" Eleanor M. Aveling, and of "Fathers and Sons" Constance Garnett. There are some good if brief introductions, which do not pretend to recondite scholarship or criticism. There should be thousands of readers delighted to find in one attractively bound edition the two volumes of "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and to have easily available so many other authors; for not merely Schnitzler and Dunsany, but Sudermann and Flaubert as well, are rather hard to obtain.

VOLUME 50 of the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society (Boston: The Society), is exceptionally rich in content. Nine letters from John Stuart Mill to Charles Eliot Norton, written between 1865 and 1870, are filled with acute comments on the course of events in this country, especially those relating to finance. Norton had suggested that Mill write something for the American press in opposition to repudiation, a suggestion which Mill declined on the ground that it "would be too like arrogating to myself the right of lecturing the American people." He did, however, express himself at length in the form of a letter "to a private friend in England," where Norton was in the fall of 1868, and the letter was printed in the *Nation* in its issue of October 15 of that year. The recent constitutional convention in Massachusetts gives timeliness to three important contributions: A reprint by Arthur Lord of an interesting memorial of the town of Middleborough in opposition to the State Constitution of 1780; an account, by Samuel E. Morison, of the struggle over the adoption of the Constitution of that year; and an analysis, also by Mr. Morison, of the votes of the Massachusetts counties, 1776-1916, on the question of summoning a constitutional convention. The larger field of American political history is touched upon by James Schouler, who traces in detail the history of the Whig party in Massachusetts, and by Justin H. Smith, who defends Polk against the charge of intentionally bringing on the Mexican War in order to seize California; while Grafton W. Minot, private secretary to Ambassador Gerard, tells interestingly of the departure of the

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American Embassy from Berlin. One of the most interesting contributions, and one of suggestive importance at the moment as well, is a series of letters to Charles Sumner approving or criticising the latter's Boston oration of July 4, 1845, on the "True Grandeur of Nations," in which Sumner enforced the duty of universal peace. The most elaborate paper in the volume is a further instalment of Colonel Thomas L. Livermore's review of McClellan's career as a commander in the Civil War.

THE "new edition with new matter" of Ida M. Tarbell's "Life of Abraham Lincoln" (Macmillan, 2 vols., $5) is a reprint, apparently without changes in the plates, of the 1909 edition published by Doubleday, Page & Co. The "new matter" is limited to a preface of some twenty pages, in which Miss Tarbell touches informingly upon some of the incidents and characteristics of Lincoln's Presidential career on which recent Lincoln literature, particularly the diary of Gideon Welles, has thrown interesting light. The preface is a readable piece of essay writing, although it hardly bears out the publishers' characterization of it as "an estimate, in effect, of Lincoln's position as a world figure years after his death."

IN 1879 Samuel Butler published a series of articles in the *Examiner* on "God the Known and God the Unknown." These articles he revised for republishing, but his intention was not carried into effect. Now, at last, they have been edited by R. A. Streatfeild and printed in a little book by the Yale University Press. Butler first criticises the ordinary conceptions of the pantheist and the orthodox theist, with the cleverness that would be expected of the author of "Erewhon." Then he gives his own definition of God, with no little fanfaronade, as something new and incontrovertible: "God is the animal and vegetable world, and the animal and vegetable world is God." This definition he attempts to make clear by the scientific notion of compound personality. But alas! Butler himself soon saw that the distinction on which his definition rested, and on which he most prided himself, was insecure. Accordingly, in his "Unconscious Memory," he wrote: "In the articles above alluded to [those now reprinted] I separated the organic from the inorganic, but when I came to rewrite them I found that this could not be done, and that I must reconstruct what I had written." And so, in the end, the God of Butler is just the animating spirit of the universe—how different from the deity of Wordsworth, in "Tintern Abbey," and the deity of a thousand other dreamers, it is not so easy to say. Despite Butler's boast of originality, there is nothing essentially new in his ideas; but his book contains some vivid imagery and some clear-cut criticism. It is well worth reading.

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TO the Rev. Franklin Spencer Spalding, Missionary Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Utah until his untimely death through an automobile accident in 1914, has been vouchsafed a very kindly biographer in Dr. John Howard Melish, rector of Holy Trinity, Brooklyn. With Bishop Spalding's overflowing human kindness and intense desire to serve, no one could fail to find himself in sympathy. His life voyage was not smooth sailing, however, for two reasons. His views on theological matters were at points too divergent to pass without opposition, and his finally complete acceptance of the doctrine of Karl Marx aroused still more emphatic objection. In 1896 he was an ardent supporter of the sixteen-to-one platform and candidate. Later he openly supported Debs in preference to Taft or Bryan, and wrote to a friend that in a matter of judgment based on the rights of man and the real justice of the case he would rather be with Debs and Altgeld than with Cleveland. Still, he managed to keep his ordinary church work fairly free from his deviations in either theology or social philosophy. Perhaps one of his best achievements was to conduct his work in such a way as to win the respect of the Mormons of his field and thus, with no sacrifice of principle, to aid in the movement that was and still is revolutionizing Mormonism from within. It was an always active and always interesting career that is here pictured, and many will enjoy the life story who will not find themselves able to follow Dr. Melish in his apparently complete acceptance of Bishop Spalding's opinions. ("Franklin Spencer Spalding"; Macmillan; $2.25 net.)

THOSE indefatigable alpinists, Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman, have once more contributed to our knowledge of the picturesque wall of snow and ice that contains the Indian Empire on the north. Dr. and Mrs. Workman's "Two Summers in the Ice-Wilds of Eastern Karakoram" (Dutton; $8 net) is a stirring record of two Himalayan expeditions, the seventh and eighth undertaken by the authors, during the summers of 1911 and 1912. The conditions imposed by the war have delayed publication, but the sumptuous edition, with its beautiful photographs of unfamiliar glaciers, will appeal to lay and professional readers of alpine exploration. There are chapters on the scientific information gathered, careful records of the physical effects of these altitudes, together with descriptions of the various difficulties encountered and overcome. Several ascents made by the authors and their party exceeded 20,000 feet, and the romantic impressions of this stupendous range of ice are touched by the tragic incident of the loss of the gallant Austrian guide Chenoz, whose fate Mrs. Workman almost shared. Dr. and Mrs. Workman are to be congratulated on this valuable survey of nineteen hundred miles of mountain and glacier, with its collection of unusual and beautiful photographs taken by the authors on "the roof of the world."

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Theatrical Decadence

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

IN the London *Nation* H. W. Massingham utters a long wail over the degeneracy of the British stage, laments the impotency of the various independent theatres to bring about any true resurrection of dramatic art, alludes despairingly to the vanity of hopes founded upon the insubstantial proposals for a national or municipal establishment, and asks plaintively what has become of the great revival predicted as the inevitable consequence of the world-wide tragedy of war. To this last question there is an obvious reply. It is too soon to look for it. The needed inspiration can come only to those who have supped full on the actual horrors of the field, and they, as yet, have other business in hand than the writing of plays, which takes time. Fugitive war poetry of a high type we have had. The great plays may follow, but what assurance is there that they would be produced? In any case, their effect, if any, would be transient. The theatre cannot be saved by good plays alone. The libraries already are stuffed with them.

In England, just now, the stage is abandoned to trivialities, mainly because London and the larger cities are crammed with soldiers craving nothing so much as the temporary oblivion of laughter. This is not the case here, but the conditions are little less contemptible. The theatrical disease is, and long has been, progressive, in spite of all the nostrums that have been prescribed for its cure. This is because the amiable amateur theorists who compound, and sometimes administer, them take note only of the symptoms, instead of probing for the original and deeply rooted cause of the malady. The malignant canker is not, as is commonly supposed, simply commercialism, whose abnormal development is but one phase of it. The theatre, like all other artistic and educational institutions, must be run—if it is to survive and grow—more or less upon a commercial basis. It has always been, from Elizabethan days downward, even in its best estate, commercial. Artists of every degree must have bread and butter, and, if they are to excel, must be made to work for it. They can be fostered, doubtless, to a certain extent, by patronage, but that means stagnation and ultimate decadence. They can be impelled to the highest achievement—even phenomenal genius is not exempt from this law—only by competition, which necessitates the development of capacity by hard work and education. This is a platitude, but it is also the sole and sufficient explanation of the indisputable fact that with the extinction of the old system of stock companies the race of great actors vanished. To-day, in the whole English-speaking theatre, there are not six, nor three, actors—including both sexes—capable of a really first-class embodiment of any great character in either tragedy or high comedy, let alone in both.

Here is the true secret of the theatrical decadence, which we are all chattering about and deploring. The old stock companies—with which the so-called stock companies of the present have nothing, or very little, in common—having each its own province and being rivals, supplied the two things necessary to the creation of good all-round actors, education in every branch of the drama, from farce to poetic tragedy, and wholesome competition. All the players in them were exercised in an infinite variety of parts in all kinds of drama, as enumerated by Polonius. In other words, they were subjected to a rigorous schooling which qualified them to play creditably almost any part, at a pinch, with appropriate style and diction. The best of them were equally at home in Sheridan or in Shakespeare, in flowery romance or in sentimental domestic drama. Now histrionic education and histrionic competition have both been virtually abolished, with results that are only too notorious. In this connection, by way of clinching the argument, reference may be made to the work accomplished by the last of the real stock companies, that of F. R. Benson, upon which the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford-on-Avon has depended for so long. Nearly seventy-five per cent. of all the leading players on the English stage to-day are the product of that one famous organization. Not a manager but has turned to it when in want of a capable recruit. Find an actor who is superior to the common herd in port, diction, and versatility and it is generally safe to guess that he is a Bensonian.

It was Charles Kean who—at a period when the stock companies were beginning to dissolve, owing to the multiplication of theatres, a new era of speculation, the rise of the music hall, and other causes—first set the evil example of offering gorgeous spectacle as a compensation for indifferent acting. He was a conscientious manager, and was able for some years to provide good casts. But his huge success encouraged a host of less scrupulous imitators, and in course of time, as the older graduates in the literary drama died off, speculative managers trusted more and more in the power of costly decorations to attract the crowd, letting the acting take care of itself, until, surveying his beggarly array of empty benches, Chatterton, of Drury Lane renown, was moved to declare that Shakespeare spelled ruin. He, and others like him, of far later date, failed, and still fail, to perceive that fine plays become intolerable when travestied by unqualified interpreters, and that the public cannot be fooled all the time. So gradually recourse was had to plays of cheap or flashy order, the abominable medley of the Victorian era, diluted extracts of Continental nastiness, sensational or pseudo-religious melodrama, childish farce, and girl shows in undraped burlesque. Irving, with splendid courage and ability, restored somewhat the failing prestige of the stage, but the Lyceum was an oasis. Elsewhere the rot went on.

On this side of the Atlantic the course of theatrical events has not been greatly different. But here, perhaps, the deadliest blows of all were delivered against theatrical art in the perfection of the star and circuit systems, by a handful of speculative monopolists. The effect of these is to perpetuate indefinitely the existence of worthless or mischievous plays, to create wholly fictitious reputations for second-rate performers, to minimize the demand for good actors, and to restrict enormously the opportunities of histrionic training that can only be acquired in varied practice. Incidentally,

(Continued on Page 193.)

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Finance

War and Fuel Shortage

UNQUESTIONABLY, the most important outstanding economic phenomenon of the past few months, and especially of the past few weeks, in this country, has been the scarcity of fuel. The troubles of householders and business offices as a result of the sensational "coal famine" during the excessive cold spell of the past seven weeks were themselves of a character to create a landmark in our war-time history.

When the Government's extremely drastic orders for industrial shut-down and freight embargoes were followed, this week, by enforced reduction of the country's iron and steel production to 50 per cent. of capacity, economic forces of the first magnitude were evidently at work. How abnormal the occurrence was is shown by the comment of the *Iron Age*, that not only have steel mills in the past rarely been forced to operate even at as low a rate as 90 per cent. when they had a sufficiency of orders, but that only once —towards the close of 1914—has lack of orders reduced their operations to a rate below 50 per cent.

What have been the fundamental causes? Fuel scarcity is not a new thing in the history of this war, although new to us. In particular, France and Italy have been in the grip of a serious coal famine in each of the two winters preceding this one. It was then ascribed to decreased production because of drafting of laborers into military service; to increased consumption by the war industries; to reduction of nearly 50 per cent., as compared with peace times, in England's export of coal, and, in the case of France, to occupation of many of her coal-mining districts by the enemy. England has suffered least of the European belligerents; but even the British Government has had to restrict the use of fuel by individuals. Shortage of mine labor brought the country's output in 1915 nearly 7,000,000 tons below that of the last peace year, 1913, and even in 1916, with the most urgent "speeding-up" of mine operations, the shortage was 5,800,000 tons.

Has this, then, been a war-time cause for our own fuel shortage also? With the difficulties of transportation and distribution every one is familiar. But did not decreased production precede those complicating influences? The answer emphatically is in the negative. Our own situation has, so far as concerns its cause, been unlike that of any other belligerents.

Our anthracite production in 1917 is estimated by the *Coal Trade Journal* at 97,360,000 tons, which compares with the official figure of 87,500,000 for 1916; while output of bituminous for 1917 is estimated at 530,000,000 tons, as against 502,500,000 in 1916. The total 1917 output, 627,360,000 tons, therefore, represents an increase of 37,800,000 tons, or more than 6 per cent. Nor was 1916 a sub-normal year. The figures for total coal production for a series of years are these:

	Tons.		Tons.
1917	627,360,000	1914	513,800,000
1916	590,000,000	1913	570,000,000
1915	531,600,000	1912	534,500,000

But if production was so abundant, may we not (as in the case of grain and steel products) have been hampering home consumers because of abnormally large export of coal to our allies? This explanation also will fall to the ground. It is true that our exports of coal (the bulk of which go to Canada) increased during 1917. Exports of anthracite during the eleven months ending with November were 4,843,846 tons, compared with 3,866,273 for the same period in 1916, and 3,244,712 in 1915. But the increase in anthracite exports was less than half of the increase in production. As for bituminous coal, the 1917 exports were approximately 21,400,000 tons, which would compare with 18,977,346 tons in 1916, with 16,565,043 tons in 1915, and with 17,986,757 tons in 1913.

But after deducting exports from production, we get 508,600,000 tons of bituminous left over for domestic consumption in 1917, as against 483,500,000 in 1916 and only 405,000,000 in 1914. The problem then narrows down to the question whether our own "coal shortage" has been the result mainly of increased consumption in this country or of the transportation tie-up. The opinion of the coal trade ascribes the shortage primarily to transportation. We have had plenty of coal all along; the trouble was, that we could not, with the railway conditions what they were, get it from producers to consumers.

How far transportation troubles have operated in Europe is not wholly easy to say. They must have been something of a factor in Germany, where military demands on the railways are greater than in any other country, and where lack of materials has made repairs and replacement of the lines very difficult. Information obtained through England is to the effect that the city of Berlin has been trying to meet the fuel shortage by providing citizens with peat, and that in one official answer to citizens' complaints it was alleged that even in the munitions factories, with some exceptions, the coal supply has been arbitrarily reduced by some 30 per cent.

What has been happening this season even in neutral Europe was shown by a recent Madrid dispatch. It told of the breakdown of gas, electric, and elevator service in the largest Spanish cities, because the railways failed to bring in coal. The extraordinary industrial demands of the war, together with the unusual strain on transportation facilities, have thus created a serious fuel shortage in belligerent and neutral countries alike.

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Summary of the News

PRESIDENT WILSON, in a speech addressed to Congress in joint session on February 11, replied to the recent speeches of the German Chancellor, Count von Hertling, and the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Czernin, by reiterating a demand for a general peace based on principles of right and justice. He commended the friendly tone of Count Czernin's reply, but condemned the German Chancellor's statement as vague and equivocal, especially on the questions of territorial sovereignty and the freedom of the seas. While repeating his previous assurance that the United States had no desire to interfere in European affairs nor to impose her will on another nation, the President declared that this country is embarked on a war of emancipation, and that this must continue until a general peace founded on simple and obvious principles could be attained. These principles he stated as follows:

(1.) Each part of the final settlement must be based upon essential justice to bring a permanent peace.

(2.) Peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about like chattels to establish a balance of powers.

(3.) Territorial settlements must be for the benefit of people concerned and not merely adjustment of rival states' claims.

(4.) Well-defined national aspiration must be accorded all possible satisfaction.

The President concluded with a warning to the Central Powers that the resources of the United States would be used to accomplish what might not be attained by peaceful negotiation.

RUSSIA has declared the state of war ended, and ordered demobilization of Russian forces on all fronts in an order dated February 10 at Brest-Litovsk. Although not signing a formal peace treaty, the Bolshevik Government included Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria in its announcement and in the agreement for mutual repatriation of detained civilians. Russia, which has been one of the leading Allies since August 1, 1914, thus steps formally out of the war. This marks the culmination of the peace negotiations that were opened with the Central Powers almost immediately after the Bolsheviki seized control in Petrograd in November, 1917.

PEACE between the Central Powers and the Ukraine was signed on February 9 at Brest-Litovsk by representatives of Germany and Austria and the Ukrainian Rada, the legislature of the bourgeois and moderate Socialist Government established when the Ukraine declared itself independent of Russia. The Ukraine, representing about 30,000,000 people, including Ruthenians, Tartars, and Cossacks, thus assumed all the functions of an independent state. By this, the first separate peace to be made since the great war began, economic relations are resumed between the Central Powers and the Ukraine, and Germany and Austria gain great food supplies. The Ukraine is the granary of Russia, with Kiev and Odessa as distributing centres.

AMERICAN soldiers to the number of 113 were lost when the British steamship Tuscania, carrying 2,179 United States troops, was torpedoed off the north coast of Ireland on February 5 at dusk. This is the first loss of a transport loaded with American troops on their way to Europe, and as the soldiers came from all parts of the country, it brought the tragedy of war home to the nation. Michigan and Wisconsin National Guardsmen and a number of aero squadrons made up the greater part of the troops. According to latest reports, the total loss of lives is 166, of whom 113 are American soldiers. The Tuscania, a new steamship of 14,000 gross tonnage, of the Anchor Line, but chartered to the Cunard Line, was sailing under convoy when the first of two torpedoes struck her amidships, bursting the boilers. The ship at once listed heavily, and many lives were therefore lost in launching the lifeboats. There was little confusion, and the soldiers and crew, under Capt. Peter McLean, preserved excellent discipline. Our soldiers sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the ship went down. The survivors were landed at Londonderry and Belfast.

THE submarine has caused heavy losses during the past week. In addition to the Tuscania, of 14,000 gross tonnage, the Cunard liner Aurania, 13,400 tons, was torpedoed while bound for the United States. Under date of February 6 the British Admiralty reports the loss of fifteen British merchantmen by mine or submarine during the preceding week, of which ten were 1,600 tons or over, and five under 1,600 tons. Four fishing vessels also were sunk. The French shipping losses were two steamers of more than 1,600 and one under that tonnage in the week ending February 2. According to Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, former chief of the British Naval Staff, in a speech on February 8, the submarine menace will continue serious for the next few months.

FOOD scarcity and food shortage are among the gravest problems confronting the world. The strikes in Germany, Austria, and Holland, recorded last week, were largely due to food conditions; and on February 5 Lord Rhondda, the British Food Controller, announced to members of the House of Commons that the food situation in the British Isles would reach its most difficult stage within the next two months. Food hoarders are being prosecuted, and houses searched for supplies. In America Food Controller Hoover has issued a new ruling to help out the situation abroad, by which a ration of two ounces of bread is allowed to patrons of restaurants, hotels, and dining cars. This allowance is now about the same as in England. Mondays and Wednesdays are wheatless days, Tuesdays meatless days, and Saturdays porkless days. In Russia food difficulties have reached the stage of famine. Outside of Petrograd many are starving, and trains coming into the city with food are robbed. In one struggle between peasants and train guards ten were killed and twenty-five injured. Under starvation conditions crime and typhus are spreading.

THE cost of the war to the United States for the past ten months has been $7,100,000,000, or nearly $24,000,000 a day, according to figures from the latest Treasury reports. More than half of this sum, $4,121,000,000, has been loaned to the Allies, while $3,000,000,000 represents America's outlay for her own war purposes. At the present time the war's toll is increasing at the rate of more than $1,000,000,000 a month, and at this rate the cost of our first year of war will be $10,000,000,000. One-half will be for loans to the Allies, one-half for the army, the navy, and the Shipping Board. Four-fifths of the war cost, or $5,792,000,000, has been covered by the two Liberty Loans; one-fifth, or about $1,250,000,000, by taxes and minor Government revenues.

THE Bolshevik Government in Russia is still involved in struggles with its Polish legions and with Finland. Contradictory reports come from Finland, according to some of which the Red Guards of the Bolsheviki have caused the slaughter of many Finns in Helsingfors, while others state that the White Guards of the Finnish Government under Gen. Mannerheim have defeated the Red Guards and captured Uleaborg, the chief military depot, with large quantities of ammunition and artillery.

FIGHTING on the western front was generally unimportant during the week, although artillery duels continued from Flanders to Lorraine, with especial violence at Verdun, east of the Meuse, and at Ypres. Attacks on the French positions in the Chemin-des-Dames on the Aisne front were repulsed, and thirteen airplanes were brought down. The German artillery has been active at Cambrai and Lens, and minor raids on the British positions there have been repulsed. A successful bombing raid on a German railway junction southeast of Metz was carried out on Saturday night by the British, with the loss of one machine.

ON the American sector on the French front an American patrol was ambushed, and five soldiers were killed, four captured, and one wounded. This sector, under the command of an American general since February 5, has been the scene of spirited minor actions every day.

ON the Italian front there has been intensive artillery action in the eastern sector of the Asiago plateau and in the area west of Monte Grappa. Aerial warfare has been active, and eight enemy machines were brought down by the Italians, five by the British, on this front. Venice and Treviso were again bombarded by enemy airplanes, with no serious material damage.

THE freight movement in general, owing to continued cold weather, remains serious, according to the report of A. H. Smith, Director of the Eastern Railroads, to Director-General McAdoo. East of the Mississippi railroad conditions are gravely hampered. During the first five weeks of Government operation there were five blizzards, and during the past week zero weather over the entire territory paralyzed traffic. Passenger trains have been cut down to half the normal number, and preference on all Eastern lines has been given to coal and fuel oil. Owing to thaws conditions are improving, and the backbone of the fuel shortage is broken.

COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT underwent a serious operation for an infection of the ear in a New York hospital, and reports of his critical condition caused alarm throughout the country. His complete recovery is now assured.

THE death of Abdul Hamid, former Sultan of Turkey, on February 10, is announced from Constantinople. His long reign of thirty-three years, from 1876 to 1909, ended with his overthrow by the Young Turks.

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(Continued from Page 191.)

able writers who might have been prompted to try their fortune as dramatists have been discouraged from the attempt by the virtual certainty that no play which they could condescend to father would have much chance of acceptance. Thus the theatre is doubly handicapped, first by the high-gravel blindness of its directors, who are devoid of all artistic sense and ambition, and can only dream of monetary success along the lines they know how to follow, and secondly, by the almost total lack of actors capable of playing outside the narrowest of familiar grooves. What is the primary function of the theatre? What can be expected of one without intelligent direction and without trained players? How is it to be lifted out of the quagmire in which it is bogged?

Plainly there must be a total upheaval of the present system. That, unfortunately, is not likely to come except after complete financial disaster, which does not yet appear imminent, although there are occasional signs of it on the horizon. Nor will any conceivable endowment or legislation avail. The restitution of the old stock company system, in existing circumstances, does not seem feasible, yet, manifestly, the prime need is the creation, on a broad scale, of somewhat similar institutions in which a new school of actors could be trained properly in all the different branches of their profession. It is in this direction that the first organized effort for theatrical reform must be made. All talk of an artistic theatre, without the proper actors to put in it, is futile nonsense. A possible nucleus for such a scholastic organization might possibly be found in the various independent dramatic societies which, of late, have been springing up all over the country. But the administration of them would have to be changed radically. In the main they are devoted to amateurish performances of violent, abnormal, or freakish pieces of no permanent literary or dramatic value. As schools of acting they are negligible. If they could be endowed with this capacity, they might soon prove invaluable. But the ideal theatre of the future must be reared upon an educational and competitive basis. The shortest road to it, perhaps, might lie through a great dramatic university, with an absolute control over managerial licenses, to be issued only to graduates with honors.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Veiby, J. The Utopian Way. South Bend, Ind.: John Veiby.
Wilm, E. C. Religion and the School. Abingdon Press. 35 cents net.
Woodhull, W. S. The Master Quest. Abingdon Press. 75 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Crookes, W. The Wheat Problem. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.
Johnson, E. R., and Huebner, G. G. Principles of Ocean Transportation. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Kammerer, P. G. The Unmarried Mother. A Study of Five Hundred Cases. Little, Brown. $3 net.
Meriam, L. Principles Governing the Retirement of Public Employees. Appleton. $2.75 net.
Montgomery, R. H. Income Tax Procedure, 1918. Ronald Press Co.
The Teaching of Economics in Harvard University. Vol. III. Harvard University Press.
Webb, S. The Works Manager To-day. Longmans, Green. $1 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Adkins, F. J. Historical Backgrounds of the Great War. McBride. $1.25.
Brunot, F. Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.
Coolidge, G. Tepee Neighbors. Boston: Four Seas. $1.50 net.
Giraudoux, J. Campaigns and Intervals. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Godlee, R. J. Lord Lister. Macmillan. $6 net.
Harrison, T. S. The Homely Diary of a Diplomat in the East, 1897-1899. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
Le Roux, H. On the Field of Honor. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
O'Rorke, L. E. Life and Friendships of Catherine Marsh. Longmans, Green.
Savic, V. R. Southeastern Europe. Revell. $1.50 net.
The Other War: Being chapters by J. Hilton and others. London: Allen & Unwin.
Trotzky, L. The Bolsheviki and World Peace. Boni & Liveright. $1.50 net.

SCIENCE

Cabot, R. C. Training and Rewards of the Physician. Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Alsace-Lorraine under German Rule
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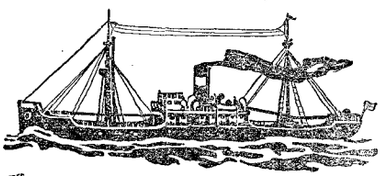
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